

The Light of Provence

A Dramatic Poem

“J.S. of Dale”

UC-NRLF



QB 248 .203



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

GIFT OF

Mrs. Rudolph Altrocchi

~~Pearl~~ Altrocki

from J. Stinson

Jan. 1. 1941





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE LIGHT OF PROVENCE

A DRAMATIC POEM

BY

"J. S. OF DALE"



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press

1917

COPYRIGHT, 1917
BY
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

GET

954
5859
lig

FOREWORD

(The play is entirely historical; though the character of Douce (pronounced Doucè), daughter of Raimond Berenger, Count of Provence, is partly imaginary; and Adelys is compounded of Adelaïde, Countess of Burlatz (see VI. *Hist. Languedoc*, Devic and Vaissete, 157), the historical love of Arnaud de Merveilh, and Ermengarde, Countess of Narbonne).

Authorities: Histoire Générale de Languedoc par les RR. PP.

Dom. C. L. Devic,

Dom. J. Vaissete,

religieux benedictins de Saint Maur (in 15 volumes, Toulouse, 1874).

The Monk of Montemaggiore. (Isola de Oro.)

Nostradamus.

History of the Albigenes.

H. C. Lea, *The History of the Inquisition*, etc. etc.
etc.

Written, 1880-1896.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALBIGENSIANS:

ARNAUD DE MERVEILH, *called René of the Rose.*

RAIMOND-ROGIER, COUNT OF BEZIERS.

PEYRE, KING OF ARAGON.

AYMERIC, *a Troubadour.*

FOLQUET OF MARSEILLES, *a Troubadour.*

(Later Bishop of Toulouse and a Catholic.)

BISHOP OF BEZIERS.

GUIDO, *a Painter.*

RAMBAUD DE VAQUEIRAS

BERTRAND DE BORN

BERNARD DE VENTADOUR

GUILHEM D'AGOULT

AYMON, *a Jongleur.*

} *Troubadours*

CATHOLICS:

SIMON DE MONTFORT, *Earl of Leicester.*

DOMINIC GUZMAN, *head of the Inquisition.*

AMALRIC, *Abbot of Citeaux, legate of the Pope.*

THE MONK OF MONTEMAGGIORE.

EUDES, DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

COUNT OF PONS.

AMAURY DE MONTFORT.

DOUCE, OF PROVENCE.

ADELAÏS OR ADELYS, WIFE OF RAIMOND.

COUNTESS OF DIE.

ERMENGARDE OF NARBONNE.

ESCLARMONDA, ALEZAIS, *Albigensian heretics.*

ALALTE, BIANCAFIORA, ERMENGARDE, BERTRANDA,
STEFFANNETTA, ROSTANGE, ADELAISCA, ANNA,
MABILE, BRIANDA, BEATRICE, ERMISSENDA,
GIALSERANDA, ISOARDA, *ladies of the Court
of Love.*

Two soldiers of Raimond VI of Toulouse; two citizens of Minerva; two citizens of Beziers; a Herald; a Sentry; a Shepherd; choir of maidens; troubadours; Dominicans; Albigensian crusaders; Albigensian heretics; soldiers, camp followers; citizens.

THE LIGHT OF PROVENCE

The Light of Provence

PROLOGUE

Wrath, and the song of birds.—The wrath of men
Which worketh not the righteousness of God
But springs, twice nurtured, from the wrath of
men.

The fall of Provence; and the putting out
By Northern Frankish hands of that fair light
That shed a hope of dawn on Rome's decay:
New convert tribes, led by a bigot priest
To wreak his vengeance on that sister land
That bore in the dark ages Latin light
Of learning, art and courtesy from Rome.
The Goths, departing, left a silent land;
Yet now that land is France; the *gai savoir*
And joy of life still spring from what they slew—
The wrath of men to man, of man to God
Then, underlying all, the ultimate—
The woe of God that worketh evil here,
The wrath of Him, who fashioned man to rue
On earth the ruin of his self-wrought woe,
The stern grey earth-light of the clouds we breathe,

The workmate of our days, the too-well known,
Familiar, usual, unavoidable,
The tired anger. . . .

Then, the song of birds

The one thing else, unknown, of little note
To men who have faith but in things they make;
The breath of dawn, the light of stars and sea;
The birds, that stir beneath the cottage eaves
At call of daylight, little birds, which fly
Low, in the early morning, when men dream,
To bring the speech of God about their thatch.

FIRST DAY

SCENE I

*(An orchard, above the highroad, near Beziers.
ARNAUD and DOUCE. It is a late autumn day
in 1208.)*

Arnaud (reads).

Aubade

I live aforest; and hard by
A little croft there is where I
Was wont to lie by trees that hung
Green covert over nests up high
In leafy spaces swinging,
Thence, far the forest aisles among,
The speech of little birds was flung,
And back in echoes ringing.
Now it befell, while I did lie,
My thoughts from cloudland bringing,
A little russet bird had sprung
Out from the shade; the woods had rung
The sweeter for his singing.
(Yet till then he had never sung,

I saw the bird, that he was young,
 And yet unapt for singing.)
 But now he sang so wondrously
 That all the rest made no reply,
 And lying rapt in wonder, I
 Did watch him as he flew so high,
 His song still downward ringing;
 And fainter, farther ever flung
 The sweetness of his silver tongue
 Came floating to me, bringing
 Songs strange, and of my soul unsung,
 Songs falling like the rain among
 The flowers from it springing;
 Until he vanished in the sky.
 He vanished; and, I trow, did die;
 But singing . . . singing . . .

Arnaud: Dost like it, Douce?

Douce: It is very sweet.

Arnaud: I hate your tenzons and sirventes; not
 Of poor false men, but of the buds and bees,
 The seasons and the flowers would I sing,
 Give me an aubade or a serenade,—
 The rhyme, recurrent, rings, I dare to think
 In fairness, very well?

Douce: 'Tis sweet, indeed.

Arnaud: Thou dost not seem to like it?

Douce: I—why no—
 Dear Arnaud, in all truth, I fear, 'tis sad.

Arnaud: 'Tis sad? I fear, thou didst not understand;

The bird, seest thou, is but a thought, put for
Some fair young knight, stung by the darts of
love;

And so, he soars, and flies afar but sings!—

No more shall he return to birds, his mates.

Douce: And she, his love; walked she not then
on earth?

Arnaud: I fear me, thou art over nice. I thought
Thou wouldst have liked my verses—Do not cry.
My Douce, do not cry——

(*Kisses her.*)

Douce: I love thy verse,
But when it is so sad, it brings the tears
To my unwilling eyes.

Arnaud: All things are sad;
Why prank them out in lying verse? Douce,
Dear Douce, oft it seems that I would stay
(We have grown up together, you and I)
With thee forever, far from all the world,
But looking ever on the world God made,
With eyes he gave me, in the light of heaven,
Leading, in trust of thee, the simpler life
Like this wild rose I hold here, in my hand.
Couldst thou live lowly?

Douce: Arnaud, I would live
As thou deemst best; with thee, singing thy
songs

Forever, to the music of the bees.

(A peal of trumpets is heard in the distance.)

Arnaud: What's that?

Douce: 'Tis Adelys, come from Toulouse,
And with her, our great lord, Don Raimond.

Arnaud: Hark!

'Tis Adelys? I saw her once—but once——

(They lean over the orchard wall, watching the procession. First come four herald-buglers, bearing the arms of Beziers and the cross of Toulouse; then, a trades-procession, one ennobled burgher for each trade, with wains bearing sample products, saddles and cloth of Carcassonne, leather of Toulouse, jewellery and paper made of rags from Marseilles, etc.; then a company of halberdiers; then a choir of maidens, strewing flowers. Ten gonfaloniers follow, marching in double quincunx, wide apart, bearing silken banners between them.)

Douce: See there! 'Tis Toulouse, there is
Avignon;

The County of Provence, and Carcassonne,
And there, the last one on the right—he bears
The bend of Aragon; the viscounty
Of Beziers, and e'en Provence, do owe
Homage to Aragon.—The lion there
Is Leon, and the Castles are Castile. But oh!
See there the ladies of the court!

(A hundred ladies follow, splendidly robed, riding on white palfreys with golden chains for bridles. Beside each one rides a knight attendant, gorgeously equipped bearing an unsheathed sword.)

Arnaud: Ah me!

Douce: Arnaud, wouldst thou not like thyself to be
One of yon brilliant knights, armed all in gold,
His lady fair beside? O Arnaud, look!

(Eight maidens, bare-armed, walking in satin shoes, carry a pavilion of flowers, beneath which, in a chariot like a sea-shell shaped, sits ADELYS, and by her side KING PEYRE of Aragon.)

Arnaud: I see.

Douce: O Arnaud, look!

Arnaud: She hath a lovely gown.

Douce: O Arnaud, she is beautiful! and see
No jewels bears she, but a plain silk robe
She wears; and in her breast a simple rose,
A wild rose, like the rose that's in thy hand,—
But why?—thy face turns pale——

Arnaud: Nay, nay,—I think
What have these people done, to shine so fair?

(DOUCE looks at him gravely; he turns away, confused. While they are silent, the procession halts. A troubadour, FOLQUET of Marseilles, steps out from the line with his lute.)

Folquet: Know all ye knights and singers of
Provence!

That our most gracious countess, Adelys,
Of Toulouse Princess and of beauty queen,
Deigns on this day to hold her court of love.
All ye who, loving, are not loved again;
All ye who, having loved, have suffered wrong;
All ye whose wounded hearts now seek redress
Against the gentle ladies of her court;—
All dames whose knights have failed in courtesy,
In constancy or troth; prefer your complaints
Before this, our most puissant court of love;
And our love's Queen shall justly right your
wrongs!

And furthermore, our Adelys doth say
Unto the singer of the lost red rose,
That her most gracious ear hath heard his song,
Unfinished though it be—and he whose lay
Shall match this unknown note as his red rose
The rose her bosom bears—shall her love be.

Douce: O marvel!

*(Tumult; after a fanfare the procession
passes on.)*

Arnaud: Aye; and if ye think it hard
To match a red rose to a white one, how
Shall ye make naught of difference in souls?
There grows no wildflower in the common field
But differs each from others; but of men
And height of heart and depth of soul or mind

Ye would make nothing; but would trick them
out

According to the chance of stage and state!
And so, 'tis love alone that dares transcend,
Love bravely cherished in our fair warm sky,
Love,—that dares to dare or dares to die.

Douce: O Arnaud, Arnaud—as the moon the tide
Her look hath drawn thy hearts blood to thy
heart—

Arnaud (angrily): The world, aye, priests of
heaven, do not dare

But truckle and compound; alone is left
The uncertain judgment of a woman's heart. . . .
Well, well . . . 'tis no unpleasant mounting-
stone

Whence men of mind ride o'er the world. *Douce,*
Why art thou sad again?

Douce: My Arnaud, speak!
'Twas thou who wrotst the song, whose broken
bars

Are lost, like petals of the red wild rose
She wore—'twas thou?

Arnaud: And if it were, what then?

Douce: You love her, then?

Arnaud: My child, I love not her;
Why, she is Countess, daughter of Provence,
Cousin to England, France, and Aragon;
Aye, she is Queen of Earth, set up to judge
Our songs that come from heaven.

Douce: Thy song! Alas!

Arnaud: Wouldst thou not have me honoured
among men?

Among the kings, a poet; with poets a king?
Think on that Geoffrey Rudel, whose dear lines
Were writ in letters of unperished gold
To make him deathless in the hour he died.

Douce: But he did die. Dear love, I love thy
fame,

Thy laurels or thy bays; but love thyself
The more.

Arnaud: Dear heart, thyself and this our love
Shall be entwined in wreaths my song shall weave
Of deathless asphodel; no other name
Shall share it with thee; as they speak of word
And song, of sea and shore, so thee and me!
Thus shall it be immortal

Douce: Greatness thine
I know; for fame I care not; with thee face
Death; only still I ask thy love.

Arnaud: And that
Thou hast, and shalt have, spite of all the world.
*(Kisses her; the fanfare of trumpets is heard
faintly, in the distance.)*

SCENE II

*(Afternoon. Hall and terrace in the castle of Don
Raimond Rogier; over the door is a helmet, in*

token of hospitality open to all. Ladies, knights, pages are sitting in groups; some playing chess or dice; on the terrace a jongleur is singing, to the music of the mandolins. Enter ARNAUD, lost in the throng of troubadours and jongleurs; he is pale and much embarrassed. After him follows, at a distance, DOUCE; she is not seen by him, and is dressed as a flower-girl, with a veil. FRONT, the Thrones; with ADELYS and PEYRE of Aragon. GUIDO, BERNARD DE VENTADOUR, GUILHEM D'AGOULT, COUNTESS OF DIE, ERMENGARDE OF NARBONNE, AYMERIC, AYMON, RAMBAUD DE VAQUEIRAS, FOLQUET, troubadours, courtiers, flower maidens.)

Bernard de Ventadour: Queen Adelaïs, Adelaïs.
Hail!

Troubadours: Hail!

Guido: Who are they, Guilhem, oh who are they?
Guilhem d'Agoult: The fifteen ladies of her court of love,—

Alalte, Biancafiora, Ermengarde,
Bertranda, Steffanetta, and Rostange,
Adelaïsa, Anna, and Mabile,
Brianda, Esclarmonda, Ermissende,
Giusseranda, Isoarda—one

I do not know.

Guido: She has a lovely face!

Aymeric: Her name is Douce—Douce of Provence.

Guido: They say, the kings of England and of
France

With Peyre of Aragon, are coming here
To celebrate the peace made by Toulouse.

Aymeric (to Folquet): This peace—it will not last?

Folquet: God comes this way.

The Pope hath spoke; the Saint hath come;
the North

Shall send her swords to slay these heretics.

The pretext, that foul murder that was done

On holy Legate, sent by Innocent—

Guilhem: They gave one fifty thousand golden
crowns

To scatter 'mid the French and English knights

I've sown the very soil with sols!

Guido: They say

The cooking's by wax candles.

Aymon: Raimond burned

Thirty of his best horses for a show!

Guilhem: An empress, too, is coming! that

Eudoxe,

Daughter to Comnenus, the Emperor

Of Orient—and she's that one who came

To marry Aragon, attended by a pair

Of Eastern bishops; at Montpelier

She landed, but Alfonse had wed Sancier!

Count Baux of Orange dared not send her back;

So called his burgomasters, who advised

That he should marry her himself—he did.

Monk of Montemaggiore: He's left her since.

Guilhem: Perhaps—you know the song?

“C'est ni jamais,

Et ni toujours,

Qu'est la devise des amours.”

I wrote a book on loves, of olden time,

And how a knight should win a lady's love——

Monk of Montemaggiore: Thou hadst best taught
her, how to keep him, then!

In act and word, thou'rt dissolute.

Guilhem: The song

Of old and better times was different sung,—

“C'est pour jamais,

Et pour toujours,

Qu'est la devise de l'amour.”

Monk of Montemaggiore: A change of singular to
plural! Pah!

They're all the same.

Guilhem: La bele Isolde of Ireland said:

“Ther be withyn this londe but four lovers,

Guinever, Lancelot, Tristan, and I!”

Monk of Montemaggiore: Pah!

Guido: Look—Rambaud de Vaqueiras comes
there

Close by that lady standing—who is she?

Guilhem: Now may sweet Venus pardon thee,
rude boor,

That's our Countess of Die.

Guido: Listen—she sings.

TENZON

Countess of Die: There is no love!

Ramnaud de Vaqueiras: I die for love of thee.

I have loved the Catalana

And the maiden Genoese,

Loved the eye of Barcelona

And the fair locks of Verona

And the ankles of Cadiz,—

English hands and Frankish faces,—

Now my heart will none of these;

I die for love!

Monk of Montemaggiore: Those words are Frederick the Emperor's,

Redbeard, who calls himself a troubadour

And is most generous of other people's
lands.

He scorned all women, therefore woo'd them
all,

Barbarous Barbarossa! he's no fool.

Countess of Die:

There is no love:

Thou hast loved in Catalan and

Barcelona and Seville;

Foot of Spaniard, English hand, and

Frankish face, hair of Milan and

Divers others well or ill,—

All thy memories of all places

Scarce one woman's heart would fill,

Of all thy loves.

Monk of Montemaggiore: She hath him there.

Guido: Too much he loved.

Monk of Montemaggiore: Too much?

Aye, easily too many.

Guilhem: Hast thou heard

Of Gui d' Ussel, and how he left his dame?

He sang to her most sweetly, till her heart

Had fluttered to him, like a bird at call.

So said she, "Gui, I can resist no more;

"But first I will propose this riddle; which

"Of wife or mistress, wouldst thou have me be?"

Monk of Montemaggiore: I'll warrant they'd a
tenzon on it.

Guilhem: True;

He chose her then as mistress.

Monk of Montemaggiore: More fool he.

Guilhem: So she dismissed him with a sneer and
wed

A landless Gascon noble.

Monk of Montemaggiore: She did well;

For lands grow wine when women cease to please;

She saved her dower for a man of sense.

Rimbaud de Vaqueiras (continuing the tenzon):

But thee I love;

By thine eyes I swear to love thee,

By the lilies of thy breast

Deeds I'll dare to do shall prove thee,

Songs I'll find to sing shall move thee,

Knight, trouvère, I'll never rest,

Give me only thine own graces

Naught I care for all the rest!

Be but my love.

Monk of Montemaggiore: Then do like Norman
William when he met

His Emma—first, he knocked her down!

Guido: Peace, monk!

Monk of Montemaggiore: So made him sure of all
the rest.

Guilhem: Be still!

*Countess of Die (striking a final chord upon her
lute, as if to end):*

Not me you love:

But the countess in her castle,

But the lady, nobly born,

Sceptre, star, and golden tassel,

Equipage, array, and wassail,

Knees of courtiers, power to scorn;

Were it not for these my graces

I were a maid amidst the corn

For all thy love.

*(She ends with a laugh, in which all the
ladies join. RAMBAUD stands as if
shame-faced, with silent lute. ADELAÏS
looks at him enquiringly.)*

*Ermengarde (now an old lady, from her throne first
speaking):*

Well sung, fair Countess! Sure thy virelay

Hath sung this pert young wren to silence.

Bernard de Ventadour (also now first speaking):

Queen,

I come from France; and if our rustic Northern
speech

Do not offend your Roman ears, Gothics say

"Nul gentz de cœur en langue de cœur

Ne s'y méfie."

King Peyre: Bravo! and thou hast loved a Queen
and taught a King

To love her—Eleanor—as thou didst love to sing:

"Parolz de cour en gentz de cour je m'en défie."

'Tis war ennobles—poets are but a toy!

Rambaud: A queen before a woman, she; Provence
Hath chosen Adelys but queen of love.

"Parolz d'amour en cœur aimant méfier ne
puis."

Adelaïs: Brave Rambaud! so our light Provençal
grace

Shall fly by France's six-foot heavy pace—

You saw, his Frankish metre did not scan!

But to our countess—canst thou not reply?

Countess of Die: They said Toulouse had
burgher nobles, gilt

Their spurs with gold of trade; not yet, our
North!

My father hacked their gilt spurs from their
heels!

*Rambaud (now seizes his lute fiercely and steps
forward):*

The Light of Provence

I die for love;

Let those who but mate for marriage
Talk of rank, and gold, and scorn,
Count the match a sad miscarriage
If one quartering be gone;
In such cold and lofty places
Naked Cupid's seldom born—

I only love!

Courtiers: Huzza! well sung, Rambaud de Va-
queiras!

Countess of Die:

This is no love:

Be it love, then what is honour?
Who, a maid, her troth hath said
Surely loveth; shame upon her,
Land and lineage lie upon her,
If she break it, being wed;
Break her troth, then her disgrace is
Wanton—to love!

Rambaud:

I only love:

Love for sordid fetters cares not,
Money's measure, worldly lies;
Who knows love, and knowing, dares not?
Past hath he not; and future spares not
Though it snap earth's pompous ties;
Love hath no law, such his high race is,
And I but love.

All: Huzza Rambaud! what says our Queen?

Adelaïs: Bring here

The golden book of all love's laws, compiled

By royal Eleanor, of all lords Queen—

(The book, bound in gold, is brought in by four pages on a cushion made of myrtle and apple-blossom; the COUNTESS OF DIE and RAMBAUD DE VAQUEIRAS stand forth to hear the award.)

Adelaïs (reads): "'Twixt married persons true love cannot be"—

Rambaud, I do adjudge thee victor; she

Denies the love of others, hence denies

Her own; gold, rank what they who love not win

She makes a shield against a love that dares.

For so, the singer of the lost wild rose

Hath said——

King Peyre: Who is he?

Adelaïs: Nay—the herald, read,

Read thou the broken song, and let us hear

Which one of all our lover-poets can match

This broken wild rose on its stem; and he

Shall rank and fame attain, and maybe love,

If it so please to heaven—and the lady!

Herald (reads):

"The red rose of the woodland

Loves the white manor-rose;

The red rose bares his bosom

To every air that blows

The Light of Provence

And brings him breath or blossom
Of his lady of the snows.

"Still in the great house garden
The pale rose keeps her nest;
She knows a newer fragrance
From woodlands to the West.
It stirs her heart; but trembling
She hides her lady breast.

Monk of Montemaggiore: A trivial thing.

Guilhem: It hath a pretty lilt.

Rambaud: The Queen is sure to like it.

Ermengarde: Hist!

"Far off, the wild rose feels it—
He knows, but cannot find
Her, in the great house garden—
So far upon the wind
He flings his crimson petals
And seeketh her unkind.

"The pure white rose uncloses
To autumn winds her own.
There in her great house garden
Safe by her wall of stone—
About her, wild red petals
By autumn winds are blown."

Adelaïs (after a silence):

So, now—ye all seem lost—as I am lost

In thought, or some strange dreaming. But,
Rimbaud,

What lesson teaches this?

Rimbaud: I do not know;

Perhaps, that one should kiss—

Peyre: One's neighbour? No,

But far afield for bliss—

Rimbaud: One should not go.

Adelaïs: But canst thou finish it?

Rimbaud: Finish? why I

Have not come here so pat for poetry.

Adelaïs: Can no one end this song?

*(Several troubadours step forward, but after
preluding, retire in despair.)*

Countess of Die: You know the prize?

One look of love from our fair countess' eyes!

Arnaud (stands forward quickly, with his lute.

*ADELAÏS looks at him; DOUCE starts
forward, but stops and shrinks back; he sings):*

Her breast she would keep stainless,

Her heart from the wild free wood—

The wild rose leaves were scattered

On every wind and flood—

One petal that fell by her

Stained her with a dead heart's blood.

Adelaïs: The wild rose hath he in his hand—'tis
he.

Thy name?

Arnaud. Arnaud of Merveilh.

Adelaïs: Thou shalt be
From now called René of the Rose. Merveilh
Thy home? Thou wert my subject—art my
page.

Thy station?

Arnaud: Student.

Adelaïs: This day thou art King.
Shalt rule supreme with me this Court of
Love.

Herald, if all our complaints are heard, we now
adjourn—

René, thy sceptre—

(She takes the red rose from her bosom, and gives it him; receiving in turn his own, which she places there. A procession forms, and leaves the hall, the heralds blowing trumpets, ARNAUD leading ADELAÏS at the head; even KING PEYRE falls behind. The lute players and jongleurs follow; then the general company, leaving, all but DOUCE, who stands like one dreaming, her eyes fixed upon the throne; PEYRE falls back, his suite at a distance.)

Peyre (to her): So—art thou his lover?

Console ye—all of this is but a jest.

(Exit PEYRE. DOUCE sinks upon the floor. AYMERIC, returning from the procession)

My girl—my lady—if thou art a stranger,
I pray thee, let me help thee—I am known.

(DOUCE and AYMERIC are alone in the castle
hall: ARNAUD does not look behind.)

Here endeth the First Day.

SECOND DAY

January the 16th, 1209.

(Guardroom in the castle of ADELAÏS at Burlatz. A stone bench, on either side of which pages, guards, and troubadours are lounging; in the centre a table covered with flagons and goblets, guitars, zithers, chessmen, playing cards, etc.—RAMBAUD and BERNARD DE VENTADOUR, GUIDO, AYMEN, and others. Afterward, ARNAUD and PEYRE.—AYMERIC, outside.)

Bernard: Heigho! to such loves, night; and
drink all day—

It grows upon me weary.

Rambaud:

Better still

To drink all night and love by day—or sleep.

Bernard: That's our Don Raimond's part—and,
by the way,

How comes our peasant poet—still high in favour?

Rambaud: I think his red rose somewhat pale.

Bernard:

Who loves

By giving dreams, must in a dream be paid.

I'd rather be a juggler than a poet! At least

His body's paid, that serves.

Aymon (sleepily): Give me to drink.

Rambaud: Aye, drink! But look, Bernard, how well he is,

How pink before his temples! the smooth skin
But wrinkles at his bull-like nape—while I

And thou, Bernard, have wrinkles at the eyes,
Pale cheeks, lips worn to smile and sigh, and
eyes

Tired with too much searching—we, *trouvères*!

Bernard: *Trouvères* we are.—But not on earth
we find

The thing we seek; we sing no earthly thing;

If man could find it, 'twas no need, the singing!

Rambaud: There speaks Bernard de Ventadour—
as spoke

Arnaud Daniel, that greater Arnaud, he

Who died at Tripoli, for her still seeking—

Where are they now? What won their love of
woman?

Aye, or their love of man? Defeat and death,
Exile and poverty, their vows unheard

By her they maundered on—

Guido: Give me to drink.

Bernard: Nay, nay—thou'st drunk enough.

The artist like the juggler too? what ails you?

(GUIDO buries his face in his hands, sobbing.)

Rambaud: He'll wake that fellow Aymon, as he
snores—

Has thy last picture failed?

Guido: I cannot bear 't
 Bernard, Rambaud—ye know what I would
 paint?
 The light of broken water in a wood—
 The lily, lucid in the forest shade—
 The mountain snows at dawn; the salted sea
 Stretching at night more far than human
 bounds
 To widening bay, to sinking reef, the wild
 Last shore, so lonely, where the last hearth-light
 Is glassed upon the pitiless grey wave!
 And then, for man—I'd paint the fireside, paint
 The nests that human hearts make; paint brave
 men,
 Paint warriors, martyrs, saints—then, when I
 dared,
 I'd paint our Lady, Empress of the skies—
 In Italy at least I painted saints—
 But, as I have so base a need as bread,
 I paint a wanton woman.

Rambaud: Adelys?

Arnaud (who has just entered):

Thou liest!

(GUIDO *snatches a sword from* AYMON; ARNAUD
rushes at him unarmed.)

Bernard: Hold!

Rambaud: Here, Aymon, wake there! hold
 These youths from flying at each other's throats!
 A light word stings too quick a heavy heart!

Aymon (awakened by the noise):

Hush! still! young gentlemen! I say, be still!

(Sleepily, he throws his arms around the two.)

Will ye be quiet? So? Well, light then! Ha!

(As he releases them, GUIDO staggers at a blow from ARNAUD, who then snatches up another sword; they cross. Enter RAIMOND-ROGIER.)

Raimond: What's this? Is this a Frankish barrack? Knaves—

Thou juggler there, thy strength keep for thy games—

And Guido? who is this? Ah, our young poet.

Rambaud, what was it?

Rambaud (Sings):

Love of light woman—

Glad love or sad—

Which is the worse for us?

Good one, or bad?

A lady hath been called a wanton.

Raimond:

Who?

Who called her so?

(All look at GUIDO. He is about to speak, when ARNAUD takes the word.)

Arnaud:

My lord, I am at fault—

'Twas of a maid—for we are countrymen—

We knew, long since, at home.

Raimond: Aha—well, quiet then,
A present woman's hardly worth a fight,
Sure, not a memory—

(He passes out.)

Aymon: Scarcely, a desire—

Guido (to Arnaud): Dear sir, I beg to tender you
excuse;

You bore you well; my word was undeserved,
But I'm half crazy.

Rambaud: That is well—but you,
Arnaud, a pardon tender; you're too quick.
You love her—what's a woman that is loved
By more than one? And what would you, that
love her?

Arnaud: No woman lives, is loved by more than
one

As I love her; and yet, if all the world
Did know her truly, so to love her, they,
As always I, proclaimed their love to all,
And open wore her image on their hearts,
As it was stamp'd within—yet all such love,
As when the breath of all a night resolves
In dew, upon a single rose—such love
No more would tarnish her than incense doth
Our lady Mary.

(Goes out; BERNARD follows him.)

Guido: Prr! A swain indeed!

Aymon: A pox o' such! They'd turn a skin of
liquor.

Guido: Yet it was fine—but then he should talk
thus

Only of art, his poetry, or a picture;

'Tis dreams deserve, not women!

Rambaud: Women! Oh,

If women only saw! Were not too dull,

Too bound to earth, enslaved, inadequate

To meet the part man's noblest dreams assign
them!

Raimond (re-enters):

A woman's worth the having, not the dream-
ing—

What is this new philosophy?

Guido (bowing deferentially): The poet

Who hath been writing all day in his cell

Hath now rehearsed us some most fine spun
lines

That grace his repertory—But, my lord,

Would you but condescend to cast an eye

On my last picture?

Raimond: Sometime—first let's see

What hath the boy been doing in yon cham-
ber.

*(They open a door, disclosing a small room,
empty but for a chair and table.)*

Why, here be rhymes! The floor is strewn with
them,

They lie like autumn leaves!

(Picks up a sheet, and reads it aloud.)

"In her heart I know she loved me;
Else how strange so deep had moved me
Her beautiful sad eyes?
Love is born, but no love dies."

Nay, nay, my boy; but sometimes lovers do!
(*Reads on.*)

"Love lay in her heart, I know;
Else, however came it so
That I lie here?"

Thou'rt not dead yet; I trow thou needest
shortening
By a heart, or else a head! Who is she, though?
Some village maid, perhaps. Ah yes, this
song.

(*While he reads, AYMERIC is heard singing,
outside.*)

"I saw and loved a lily white,
I plucked the flower, for my delight,
I planted it within my heart,
I tended it with loving art—
But soiled and withered, there it lies,
I shall die when my flower dies."

Raimond: Aha, the very song I have in hand—
Call him

In here, that sings—meanwhile, what have we else?

(*Reads.*)

“She hath her nest in the sun-flushed clouds
Over the sea, and the vanished sun.”

That does not look the village maid so much—

(*To AYMERIC, whom AYMON drags in.*)

Who are you, sir, that sing—didst write that song?

Aymeric: Not I, sir, I but sing—’twas a young lad;

I set it music, by the stars last night.

Raimond: At least, it seems, the youth hath had his will—

Aymon: Why will he then still caterwaul so much?

Raimond: Your name, boy?

Aymeric: Aymeric.

Raimond: Know you
This René?

Aymeric: It was Douce whom I sang;

A maid of Burlatz; on the distaff side

She hath blood royal of thy liege, Provence!

Aymon (coarsely): The maid is Douce called—
she seemeth douce!

Raimond: This René was it, then, that wrote
your song?

Aymeric: René?

Raimond: 'Tis Arnaud of Merveilh they call René.

(He shows the paper. AYMERIC tears his copy in two. They laugh.)

Aymon (mockingly): Pray, sing some more!

Aymeric: Nay, nay—

Aymon: By'r lady, tears!

Aymeric: It is a lie—a maid of honour, she—
She knows not me—

Aymon: It seems, you know not her!

Raimond: He may be right; see this, another song!

(Reads another leaf.)

“O God, O Mary Mother for one sign—
Not word, nor letter, but some human sign,
As sun and stars tell there is life in heaven—
Such as God grants to all, save but the
damned.”

This seems no village maid, profuse of favours!

Guido: I've found a song! *(Reads.)*

“Her silence was upon my lips,
Her self was all of me,
And I rode today to the hills away
Where far off shone the sea.

And then I saw the white, white ships
 Go sailing down the bay;
 The winds did fail and each white sail
 Swam on the edge of day."

Raimond: 'Tis pretty—is there more?

Guido (reads on):

"White sails, white sails, bear from my breast
 My heart so far from me
 And sink my love in a coral grove
 Far down the voiceless sea.
 Then she stay East and I stay West—
 White sails, take my heart away—
 And none shall know of my love below
 Where the sunken ship shall stay."

Raimond: A sage resolve indeed—let's hope he
 kept it?

Ah, here's another of the like import.

(Reads.)

"One steadfast level look within her eyes—
 And then I knew my earthly life was dead.
 Not any mummied monarch in the tomb
 That is more dead than I—I'll look no more,
 For it were ill she loved me; and thou, God,
 Not all thy power can make her evil—"

Bah!

Guido: Here are some more loose leaves—

Aymon: The man's a man
To fright a woman into bearing ghosts!

Guido (reads):

"Thou God immortal and all powerful,
I place a limit to thy power here—
Not thou on earth canst now give my soul
peace!"

Raimond: Hm! hm! I'm not so sure—but read
thou on.

Guido (reads):

I wonder would I have her know I loved her?
Perhaps, I dead, she dead, my love will die—
O God! to say one word of loving to her!
To bid some gentle carrier, some bird
Sing but one note of love from me away.
O Mary Mother, Mary—nay, forgive.
I were the same, although she loved me not,
But if I knew she loved me, I must die."

Raimond: I dare say not! What hast thou there,
Bernard?

Bernard (reads):

"When I, a boy, a wild bird kept,
An iron cage was all its nest;
The wild bird fed not, nor yet slept,
But on the bars beat out its breast.

"When God in his own wisdom sets
A heart of love in world of laws,
The soul sins not, nor yet forgets,
But beats its heart out on the bars."

Raimond: I'll make them something stronger!
Laws indeed!

(Exit. GUIDO and AYMON follow.)

Rambaud: Bernard, the boy's a poet—a crowned
trouvère!

Read thou this dizaine—

(BERNARD takes the paper and reads.)

The timeworn rocks faced still the sea,
The stars came in the timeless sky,
The never ceasing winds went by,
The still recurring seasons came;
A man, in some few years to die,
Looked once within a woman's eye.
Their bones were dust, long years ago.
But spake the timeless stars unto
The endless sea, the rocks timeworn,—
"Now an eternal thing is born."

Bernard: Truly, he has found.

Rambaud: And loves the Countess Adelys!

Bernard: Poor boy.

Arnaud (entering angrily): Rambaud! and
Ventadour! what's this?

Rambaud: Thy nest is rifled, boy—we did it not.

Arnaud: Thou'lt fight for this!

Bernard: Nay, nay, poor boy, believe
We would but help thee, if we could.

Rambaud: And thou
Hast found; we crown thee Troubadour, Arnaud:
Arnaud of Merveilh, marvel is thy work!
Seek not to war with us who are thy friends.
Forget thyself; bury thy heart; thy soul look
high

And join the choir of us who sorrow sing!

*(Exeunt; ARNAUD perceives AYMERIC, who is
sitting at the table weeping.)*

Arnaud: Who art thou?

Aymeric: Aymeric.

Arnaud: From whence?

Aymeric: Beziers. . . .

. . . I set thy song of Douce.

Arnaud: Douce!

Where is she?

Aymeric: Maid to Adelys.

Arnaud: Ah me!

Aymeric: They say thou darest to love her—
Adelys—

Arnaud: Hush, hush—

Aymeric: They blamed the maid
that followed thee.

Arnaud: Douce, poor Douce—alas!

(He looks at AYMERIC; they clasp hands.)

Aymeric: Dost thou then dare?

Arnaud: Dare? dare! Who speaks to me of dare, in love?

Ne'er shall she know I love her; but no more
Shall men and women, life and death, and God
Avail to make my love one note the less!
I'll love until I die; and then my soul
Shall seek her soul within that other world
And die for her once more; and live and die
And live and die for her again; and so
Through all the myriad stars as they do burn
My love shall burn in each; nor be destroyed
Until the last lost star falls back in God,
And I with her; and so, no other thing
Shall then remain but she and God and I,
Or God alone, if she be lost in him——

(Falls on a chair; after a moment, bursts into tears. A fanfare of trumpets in the hall; the doors are flung open. AYMON, GUIDO, and others.)

Aymon: Hear now, you fool!

Guido: The Count's new edict—hear!

A pretty ending to a court of love!

Herald: “To any jongleur, troubadour, who dares
Aspire to love a lady of our court;
To poet, or page, or cavalier that makes
Suit to a lady of the higher blood,
She being wedded—Raimond thus enacts.
Our gracious liege, to bring the olden time
Once back, and cure the evil of our day.

The lady shall go scatheless save in shame,

But to her lover shall be pain of death.

Hear and obey. I, Raimond-Rogier."

Rambaud (aside): The bars are fixt indeed!

What was't he said,

Bernard? That love is born, but dies not so?

(Enter ADELYS and train, Don RAIMOND with her. DOUCE is among the maids of honour. AYMERIC steps forward, ARNAUD stands up; then bows deeply, with upturned eyes. ADELYS fails to notice him; DOUCE blushes, but AYMERIC turns pale. The herald stands forward again.)

Herald: Our lady bids announce, today shall be

This subject of our tenzon; Aymeric

And René of the Rose dispute, which love

Doth bring more dole: of woman bad or good.

(The company pass on, ADELYS not pausing for the herald's speech. ARNAUD stands motionless where he had bowed.)

Rambaud: But where's the King of Aragon?

Such law

Should pass not in his absence.

Bernard:

Aymeric,

A pretty thought thou hadst; 'twill well dispute.

Guido: We painters only can make ladies live

To future ages; not thy foolish songs.

We paint their eyes and bosoms, render these

Immortal; ye but limn your hearts and theirs.

Of hearts they take no pride.

Aymeric:

Are ours so true?

Arnaud (to himself): My Adelys—so love was
born—so, love—

But nay! Love may be slain, but no love dies!

SCENE II

(*Evening. The great hall of the castle. Pages are lighting candles, servants preparing for the fête; DOUCE enters; ARNAUD is sitting by the guard-room door, through which sounds of merriment are heard.*)

Douce: Arnaud? Thou hast been sitting here since then?

Arnaud: Writing my poem.

Douce (Laying her hand on his shoulder): Do not offend her!

Arnaud: I?
She scorns me!

Douce: No—she dared not love thee.

Arnaud: Then,
I dare.

Douce: O Arnaud, she is good.

Arnaud: Aye, her serene
High goodness hath vouchsafed no word, no sign,
No one brave look to stir my heart to living.
She brought me hither. Now you know! I lied;
I met her by the roadside—and she smiled.
I broke my faith to thee, my manhood's prize,
My poet's life, to win a look of her—

But when she found I loved, it frightened her—
She dare not.

Douce: Arnaud, she is brave, and pure—

Arnaud: I care not. I had never dared to let
A single heartpulse ebb in love for her;
She filled the Virgin's shrine within my soul.
But now she's hedged about with orders,
rank,
Her prudence, and his law, to trammel love,
She hath demeaned herself to baser arms,
And I dare cry aloud, I love her, I—
The Countess Adelys!

Douce: Hush, Arnaud, hush!
(*She sinks upon a chair.*)

Arnaud: Thy heart is broken too!

Douce: I knew it long.

Arnaud: What now all this world's laws? I
watched her still,
Until the moment came; the sword thrust
oped
My soul to ecstasy. So now I sweep
And garnish all recesses of my soul,
As pure as she, and then for days do fast,
Until at last I see her, once or twice
Within each year; until she bade me here.
Why, Douce, I have dreamed that when I died
God looked upon me so; and then I stayed
In heaven.

Aymeric (enters, singing):

The Light of Provence

Love of light woman
 Light the heart stirs—
 Which is the evil love,
 Angel's or hers?

Arnaud: Hark! Any man could write a truer song;

'Tis only angels drive a man to hell—

Aymeric: Save thou thy verses for the tenzon then,

Here comes King Pedro, as it seems, returned.

Arnaud: King Pedro! That is why—O God,
 O God!

Douce: Believe me, Arnaud, thou dost wrong her—

Ramnaud (overhearing as he enters): Aye,
 King Peyre finds his case as ill as thine.

Herald (entering first; then RAIMOND, ADELYS, COUNTESS OF DIE and courtiers. PEYRE joins them, ADELYS ascends the throne):

Now hear ye! all ye poets or knights, draw nigh!
 Each hath a verse and sonnet, then reply.

First thou, Arnaud—our Queen now bids thee speak.

Arnaud: Love of light woman,
 Good one or bad—
 Which be the worse for man,
 Glad love or sad?

Aymeric: Glad; if his love for her
 Endeth in loss,
 Of it a hero born
 Wars for the Cross.

Arnaud: But, if he starve for her,
 Scorn is his dole
 Lost is his faith in her,
 Lost is his soul.

Aymeric: Lonely do battle then
 In the heart's night;
 Die, the world's joy unknown,
 Leaving it light!

Rambaud, Bernard: Aymeric!

Adelaïs: Aymeric, the couplet's won.

Now for the sonnet, Arnaud, try thou first!

Arnaud: My sonnet's on a Queen—Herodias!

No sorrow known, light laughter hath thy heart
 For all eternity, since that one day
 Thou sawst thy Saviour fainting by the way,
 And lookedst down, from thy light life apart,
 Upon His sorrow, and the bitter smart
 Of thorns, that hedged His path from thine
 away;
 And thy heart found no other thing to say
 Than laughter—to the Saviour of thy heart.

Light woman, now throughout the tiring years
Shalt thou laugh—while thy soul afire with shame
From life to death runs, and to life thereafter,
Still laughter holds thine eyes, awhile the tears
Well from thy soul in anguish at His name
To press behind thine eyeballs strained to
laughter!

Adelaïs: 'Tis horrible.

Rambaud: But she was no good woman. Thou,
What hast thou, Aymeric, to match his sonnet?

Aymeric: Maria.

Arnaud: She came not to see the Cross,
As did Herodias, the one who laughed;
To the Tomb came not the Virgin; Mary came,
Of Magdala; you do not call her good—
Yet first was she to see the risen Lord!

Adelys: Peace, René—Now, thy sonnet, Ay-
meric.

Aymeric:

No sorrow knowing, hath the heart of sorrow
Deep hid within thine eyes; Mary, thy grace
For pity of today, the high tomorrow
Turns its new joy to sadness in thy face.
So new announced to thee, that earth, removed,
Shimmers a mist of tears before thy sight,
Not seen, yet understood; renounced, yet loved,
Thy dim eyes shining with a higher light;

For thou hast looked upon the front of God.
Thy lips are stilled, for they have touched the
rod,

Foreknowing His will, of His mercy sure;
What to thee is that flower of earth that dies
In thy hand? Thou art silent; in thine eyes
The infinite compassion of the pure.

Adelys: 'Tis beautiful.

Arnaud: Pretty enow—my friend
Hath lived i' the country and hath not known
the world!

(He steps forward fiercely.)

St. Ursula, upon her way to heaven
Once met a pilgrim lying in her path;
His lips too parched to speak, his eyes besought
Her for a cup of water—but his limbs
Lay in the dust, and on his breast was blood.
She sighed—but, lest the dust should touch her
robe

Went on to heaven, and was sainted there—
Only, the damned from hell cry out at her!

(Silence. The courtiers look at ADELYS.)

Adelys (slowly rising from her throne):

I do adjudge to Aymeric the wreath—

*(She descends the throne; the courtiers throng
to AYMERIC.)*

To René vanquished, give this cup of water.

(ARNAUD—(RENÉ) *starts forward; then falls upon his knees; ADELYS takes a gilt cup from by the ewer on the table, drinks of it, and gives it to him; this takes place on the side, the crowd, front, surrounding AYME-RIC; some laugh; RAIMOND and PEYRE watch ADELAÏS closely.*)

Arnaud: My lady—

(RAIMOND and PEYRE *come up; she waves them on.*)

Peyre (*bowing*): Raimond, come on—for our Queen

It seems, would give a private audience!

Arnaud (*as the company are leaving the hall, to ADELYS alone*):

Let me but say God bless you once—and then
I'll go—I pray you, speak—Thou canst not
help

My praying for thee? Well, then, I shall
pray.

God bless thee, ever, never tell thee so;

Good—'tis a secret betwixt me and God.

Adelys (*turning aside*):

King Peyre, my lord and I do bid thee come
To join our banquet.

(*They go out, with the courtiers.*)

Guido (*to ARNAUD*): Told I not thee so?

Thy verse is well enough; the World prevails

What ho, there, Rambaud? Aymon, bring us
drink.

Douce (lingering behind):

Thou hadst thy cup of water—seek the Cross.

(ARNAUD goes after her; the others drink.)

SCENE III

(Guardroom, as in Scene I.; the door open to the great hall; it is late at night.)

Sentry (heard singing outside):

Guard of the tower,
Watch thou the hour,
The walls, lest any come
Armèd with power,
Our sleep devour—
Lady and lord are home.

Back from the war
Closed his eyes are,
He rests by his true heart;
Watch thou afar;
By morning star,
Lady and lord must part!

Guido (to AYMON): Where art thou going?

Aymon: A wench awaits me—

Guido: Aye,

Money is still the cheapest price we pay.

Who would be young, and keep his life, should love
All, or not any.

Aymon: I love 'em all—but first
Another drink.

Guido (sings drunkenly):

If a dame trouble thee,
Make her thine own;
If a face haunteth thee,
Be her breast shown;
What though her eyes be bright,
Have at thy dame;
Close in thy arms o' night
The rest's the same!

Aymon: Ha, good! main good! I'll tell my girl
o' that—

Oho, boy, drink!

Bertrand: Ye guzzling swine—Guido,
Thy beauty visions then have come to this?

Guido: What would you? I am living in the
world—

It sees them not with me, believes them not.

Bertrand: Then see them thou alone. Did Per-
ceval

Desire companions when he saw the Grail?
Thy "lily, lucid in the forest shade"

Unseen of world or men, remains a maid;
So thee, who art of heaven's beauty sure,
Thy dreams of heaven here on earth keep pure.
But what is this?

(Lights, and a tumult, come from the upper

stair; the noise increases; they all start up. RAIMOND comes down, with guards, dragging ARNAUD, after him; KING PEYRE, FOLQUET, and other troubadours, AYMERIC at the last. The hall becomes rapidly crowded, beyond the guardroom.)

Raimond: My liege, I caught him at our lady's door—

Peyre: Who is the fellow?

Folquet: I do charge the man
A heretic and troubadour—attached
To them of Albi that do lead the schism
And Raimond there, his master.

Raimond: I, thou sayst?
'Fore yester morn I never saw the lad.

Folquet: And yet he sang so pat! The red rose
thou

Content wouldst see him wearing! If not thine
The greater shame, then, hers.

Raimond (dashes a glass in his face): Thy
craven face

Thus I, as sovereign prince, degrade! Thy spurs
So hack from thy heels! Now go; upon the
road

The common routiers, thy fellows, join,
And live by tricks, or alms, or robbery,—
My liege of Aragon, to whom I deign
My homage, rather than to poor rough France,
Say, did I well?

Folquet: Stop, king—thy pride and his
 Stay, for a word. Not Folquet, troubadour
 Has this loose vassal so insulted! Spurs
 I've cast away, with viol and coat-of-mail,
 The robe of the White Cross I wear; this scroll
 Within my scrip the august speech of Rome.
 I, bishop of Marseilles, and legate of
 His Holiness, I give no homage—kneel!

*(He suits his act to the words; RAIMOND and
 PEYRE bow humbly, but do not kneel; FOL-
 QUET opens the scroll and reads, like one
 who hardly deigns.)*

“Too long, Provence, thy fair land blossoming
 With poetry and pleasant thought! Too long,
 Too leniently in thy fair towers they live
 And broider living with all arts and crafts
 And snares of Eastern learning, till they doubt
 The Church's ministers! Thy priests, still
 wed,

Vie with thy troubadours in song, and these
 With our anointed kings in shock of battle.
 Thy cities are too learned and too fine
 Thy towns, republics, and thy burghers,
 knights.

So is thy fair life breeding heresy.”

Therefore hath Innocent his legates sent,
 Amalric, Abbot of Citeaux, and I,
 And Peter Castelnau, who martyr'd lies

Murdered by men of Raimond of Toulouse,
Thy liege and lord of all Provence—

Raimond: 'Tis false!

I had no part in 't!

Folquet: Prove thou then thy truth;
Provence is under interdict; Raimond
The Pope hath excommunicated; thou,
Raimond-Rogier, King Peyre, prove now your
faith;

Hear now, thy Queen shall speak—if it be true
What thou, Raimond, hast said; and Aragon
Vex not his Holiness already vexed
At the loose living of thy subject courts,
By yielding this first trial of thy law—
If so say Adelys, and this young man confirm
Her story, let him die the death decreed.
But if the youth be but a mask, a screen,
For Peyre of Aragon—then, Raimond, join
Thy brother France against the traitors both,
Toulouse and Aragon. Speak, Raimond, first.

Raimond: I never saw the youth ere yester eve.

Aymon: Pray, father, I would but put in a
word—

He is the same young gallant that we caught
A-rhyming in this guardroom, rhyming to——

Folquet: Peace, fool. But thou, and first—thy
name?

Arnaud: Arnaud.

Folquet: Arnaud—no other?

Arnaud: Arnaud of Merveilh.

Folquet: Thy errand, then?

Peyre: Aye, sirrah, tell thy errand
And speedier a lie bring death than truth!

Arnaud: I came—(*ADELYS appears*). I cannot
tell—

(*He is silent; PEYRE puts his hand to his
sword.*)

(*DOUCE appears.*)

Douce: My lady, pray—

Adelys (taking her hand):

Have thou no fear, dear girl—Naught can
harm me—

What wouldst thou say? Why, speak then—

Holy Priest,

This maiden fair and pure hath won my love,

My dearest maid of honour—

Douce: Not to him,

But to the King. Sire, I must speak; our
Queen

Is guiltless; Arnaud injured not thy law;

I am no maid of Provence but a country girl;

For love, I followed him to court; I am—

He came this night to see me—I'm—

(*She swoons.*)

Aymon: His wench,

Aymeric (starting forward toward DOUCE):

Then God forgive thee!

Arnaud: Nay—

Peyre: Enough of this.
A petty scandal! Masquerading maids
We've seen ere now——

Raimond: But none so lovely. Well,
You Folquet, priest, since priest you are, go
back

To tell thy Pope of this new story.— Sir,
(*To ARNAUD.*)

Thy little life is saved, though at some cost.
In reputation to your douce ladye!
Begone, the pair of you—and get ye wed.

Arnaud: Oh, Douce, Douce!
(*He falls at her feet, clasping her hands, and
kissing them passionately.*)

Adelys: Rise—Not you—Poor girl!
So—this, Sir, is thy love?

Arnaud: Oh, Douce, Douce!

Aymeric: She breathes once more—God bless
her—Come, away!

Arnaud, I know a place within the hills
Breathes peace; beyond or priest's or prince's
word .

Arnaud, bring thou her there——

Arnaud: Oh, Douce, Douce!

Here endeth the Second Day.

THIRD DAY

July the 21st, 1209.

SCENE I

(The Rock of Menerba. A public square before the old fortress-church on the peak of the rock; far below, the plains lie hazy in the level light; it is the hour before sunset. BERNARD DE VENTADOUR on guard, with a page. Enter ARNAUD, dressed as an Albigenian, in the garments of a "working friar," but about his waist a sword! A few people, women and youths, are in the square. The page unstrings a lute, and BERNARD preludes; as he sings, a greater company assembles, issuing in part through the cathedral doors.)

Bernard (sings, in French):

Joie d'amour ne dure une heure
Peine d'amour dure toute la vie;
Peine de terre ne dure qu'une heure,
Joie de ciel dure pour jamais.

(He sees ARNAUD as he ends the couplet, DOUCE comes out, and with her AYMERIC, waiting behind until she addresses him.)

Douce (going up to ARNAUD): Brother!
(She kisses him.)

Arnaud: My sister!

(He lays his hand upon her head.)

Christ's peace be on thee, and His mother's love!

And, Aymeric, thou too?

Aymeric (dressed as a poor man, with the Penitent's crosses on his breast, coming forward):

Whence hast thou come?

What news from Beziers? Doth still the foe

Besiege our lady?

Arnaud: I am come from Rome,
Service doing unto my master Raimond, as
Doth he to Innocent, once called by us
Servant to the servants of God.

Voices: From Rome!

Where Gregory, great Hildebrand, gives place

To Innocent the Third, the Anti-christ,

Who arms the Cross 'gainst us, not Palestine—

The Scarlet Woman; he the Anti-christ!

Aymeric: The Bishop! Peace!

Bishop of Beziers: Kneel not, my son, thou knowst

We Good Men kneel not unto men, but God!

No man is holy, all are brethren—

What word sends us the Holy Father?

Arnaud: War!

To priests and poor men, women, children, all

Even to babes unborn whose mothers bear

The black cross on the breast, or who have wed

Or born a babe to any one of us,

Or who have sheltered, succoured, seen, aye, talked

With one of us; whose roof, whose parents' roof
Hath covered one of Albi—so we're named—
While to each routier, Brabazon, who kills
Or rapes or murders one of us, or stills
An unborn child, he gives—indulgences;
Perpetual absolution for the crimes
He have committed or he yet shall do.
The crusade for the Holy Land recalled,
Crusade is preached by him against Provence,
Of cheaper lust and glory; he who wars
Against Toulouse, or Roger of Beziers
Or Raimond—he may leave his gear at home!
No usury shall run upon his debts,
Him none shall sue; may leave his wife behind,
His concubines the ladies of Provence,
Whose lives he haply spares,—fairer than they
Of Palestine and with less travel won;
May leave his soul behind! for Innocent
Decrees him heaven when too old to sin.

Bishop: And Raimond?

Arnaud: Excommunicated—thou
Degraded—interdict upon Provence.

Bishop: Who leads?

Arnaud: Folquet, the bishop of Marseilles
Once troubadour; Citeaux, the legate he
Who charged our Raimond Peter's murderer,
All wear the mocking cross upon the breast,
To show they war on us as Saracens!
And chief is that barbarian of the North,

Montfort of England, claiming all Provence
As but the French king's fief—Poor Louis, he
Once wrote himself too rude to write to us
Lest he offend our ears—but dares not fight.

Bishop: But surely, all's not by the sword—
doth not

The Holy Father also try to win us back
By prayer, or peace, or by the Virgin's love?

Arnaud: Not he—or stay—yes, he hath sent to us
An order new of monks; they copy us,
Live poorly, take no money, use no land
To fatten Rome with churches—as they say—
A Spaniard, at their head, one Dominic;
Him Innocent hath charged to bring us back
By some new clever rules of inquest, to
The Church——

Bishop: We never left the Church, the Pope—

Voices: Anti-christ! Anti-christ!

Bishop: Ah peace, my friends,
The holy Church is ours, and Innocent
Most surely—why, they call us the Good Men;
God's will shall work through his appointed
church

Aye e'en through Innocent, the Priest of Rome—
We call him servant of God's servants still.

Arnaud: The monk of Citeaux hath in private
said

'T were well thou shouldst be killed in battle, lest
Thy trial should reveal—

Bishop: God's will be done!

Meanwhile, in prayerful hope for this poor land
 We too have formed an Order—Capucins
 Who wear the pallium, and plate that bears
 The image of the Virgin, with the words
 "Agnus dei qui tollis peccata mundi"—
 A carpenter, a poor man, had a dream
 That such might rid our land of Brabazons
 And bring a day of peace, so that the son
 Of murdered sire would spare the murderer.
 The peace of the most blessed Mary, come
 To our poor land!—But now, the Angelus—

(He bares his head; all stand reverently.

*After the prayer enter a procession of
 young women; DOUCE is among them; she
 sees ARNAUD, who is standing, leaning on
 his sword, the two white crosses hanging
 from his cape; she passes on, her eyes cast
 down; the maidens stop before the church
 door, the BISHOP gives them his benediction;
 then speaks, in Provençal.)*

Bishop:

Oiet, virgines, aiso que vos dirum,
 Aisex presen, que vos commandareum:
 Atendet un espos, Jeshu, Salvaire a nom.
 Gaire noi dormat!

The Maidens (singing):

Venit in terra per los vestra pechet;
 De la Vergine en Bethlem fo net,

E flum Jordan lavet e bateet;

Gaire noi dormet!

Bishop (as he speaks, the crowd gathers more and more, all except the old men in the garb of soldiers; many, like ARNAUD, wear the penitential crosses):

Good Men, this market-place alone will serve
For ye to hear the words of Arnaud, come
But lately from his pilgrimage to Rome.
Our church, you know, is not a pile of stones
But all God's earth; and as our Saviour says,
His temple hath become a den of thieves,
So make we now the market-place His church.
Speak, Arnaud.

Arnaud: Good Men, ye have heard our Head.
Yes, I have been to Como and to Rome
And even to Ragusa, to that land
Where Bulgars still keep pure the faith that
Rome
Since evil days of Sylvester, hath lost,
When Constantine seduced her first with gifts,
So brought the Apostolic church to earth
And made eternal power temporal.
Faith of the East, the dawning land of Christ,
And life of Paul, the perfect man, who led
First among men the life on earth—so we
Are called Paulicians here, Katharoi there,
Good Men, we dare be called in both. Now hear:
I found in all our lands this same true faith,

One God is there, one Spirit, and one Christ,
Maker of all things incorruptible;
And Christ was born on earth, but never died,
But only he was seen to die of men.
So hold we to the creed, the Eucharist,
As symbol of the life that never died.
While things corruptible, this earth and world
Are wrought of Satan, and shall not endure,
But, like our bodies, die. Hence fleshly love
And fleshly death have no place in God's eye,
But are the veil of Satan. Evil all
Appearances; for truth we may not see;
They vanish, and the unseen lasts; this world,
This seeming world, is hell; and all of us
Are angels fallen from some other life,
Not purified till seven earthly lives.
No other purgatory is than this;
In that doth Rome lie; most of all she lies
In giving men the power to bind and loose,
In masses for the dead, indulgences;
The Scarlet One shall bind the church of God
By temporalities; and hath, or is
A part of this coarse web where now we live;
She murder doth when she invites to war.
Beware of vestments, images, the cross;
The gospels only are the source of truth,
These ever should we read; read, of the old,
The Psalms, Ecclesiastes, Daniel, Job,
Isaiah, Solomon, the prophets twelve—

The rest is evil. Freely read the New;
 And learn the gospels in your homely speech.
 Be kind, on earth, and marry if you will,
 But spiritual marriage is alone of God.
 Yet is 't no worse for priests to wed than you,
 So have no faith in monkish professions.
 Fear not false fame or poverty, or death—
 And so thy brothers' blessings unto ye.
 This is the message of the East—Is't well?

Bernard de Ventadour (advancing from the crowd):

'Tis well with us as yet—Minerva's rock
 Still shelters us with lofty mail from him
 The Englishman, who fights with naked fist.
 He bruises with it yet on Carcassonne,
 Our true faith armeth yet its walls—their
 guard

But women and old men. From Queribus,
 Where Bernard, called the Thorncutter, hath
 cleared

The furze which sheltered hunted Catherans,
 The news comes all have perished—him, Bernard
 Posterity shall gibbet in the moon,
 The man beside the thornbush!

Arnaud: Carcassonne?

Bernard: Its bells cry mercy yet to us afar;
 The French wolf standeth yet at bay. Guilhem,
 That cursèd Guilhem, who did put the oath
 Each second year to every boy of twelve
 Or girl of two years more, did they abjure?

Then made each act or speech with one of us
Relapse in law—so that he sighed because
It were impossible to burn so many—
Yet said, “Qui aytal fara, aytal perira”—
So burned he all he could, and burned again
At each one's church his entrails and his heart,
Then threw the ashes in a running stream
Lest they were kept and saved for relics—all
In name of God and of the blessed Mary, and
Of Dominic, the Spanish Dominic,
As were he in the Trinity—Guilhem
The citizens have burned, and made his skull
Into a drinking-cup—until the time
Some Pope shall come to canonise him too!
Therefore hath Folquet sworn, not stone on
stone
Shall rest, in Carcassonne.

(RAMBAUD enters.)

Arnaud: Why, thou, Rambaud,
Rambaud de Vaqueiras in armour too?

Rambaud: All we who loved the gentle life have
learned

From love sublimed, the white life of the sword;
From light of life to battle brave with night,
From fair Provence to meet the Frankish
horde,

From gentle eyes, the look to outface death,
From peace on earth, to win the peace of heaven.

Arnaud: And of Count Raimond?

Ramnaud: Raimond of Toulouse
Is old, and excommunicate—he kneels
Before the Pope, and prayeth for his folk,
Poor folk! by too much light he led astray!
Raimond-Rogier hath thrown him in Toulouse;
They say he holds it like a wolf a bone.

Arnaud: Raimond-Rogier? where——

(COUNTRESS OF DIE enters.)

Countess of Die: From Toulouse I come,
A woman only, through the Montfort's lines,
He hoping I would tell thee that they starve.
Their eyes are bright with hunger, but their
hearts
Still beat for battle—so they bid us wait,
For Aragon is ours—King Peyre will come!

Arnaud: Thou too!

Countess of Die: Not one of all our idle courts
But raised their love, of earthly joys outworn,
To crave the love of Christ; not one but
learned

To touch soft breasts to naked steel—so I!

Bishop: To sleep, then, and to prayer for those
who need

Yet more than we the might that comes from
Him

Who bids us all so live, so die, that still
Our deaths, our lives, shall work to win the
world

Back to the truth, in God's own time! Amen.

All. Amen.

(*The crowd begins to disperse. DOUCE, to ARNAUD, walking aside.*)

Douce: But one thing, Arnaud, thou didst never ask

One place forgot—yet I could see thine eyes
Kindle, as each one spoke, to hear her name—
Adelys—

Arnaud: I have not seen her since that day
Thou drag'dst thy dear heart in the mire
That I might live! I live for thee alone;
I know not where she dwells on earth.—Douce!
Each day, each hour, I have forgotten her;
Nay, every waking minute, every dream—

Douce: Hath been that thou forgot'st her—ah,
I know!

I know, I know.

Arnaud: Douce, my love for thee—
And were it not—in these times other things
Than a light woman—

Douce: Hush, thy words do hurt;
She wears the crosses, Arnaud, as do we;
God help me—when she loves, she will be true.
Alone, she leads our arms in Beziers—

Arnaud (*eagerly*):
Then she is well?

Douce: Ah, René of the Rose!
The flames of war indeed sweep through our land
Licking with its red tongue the lives of men,

The souls of women, withering the land—
Thy love, it withers not.

Arnaud: But nay—

Douce: I know;
I love thee, dear, too much not still to know!

Arnaud: Douce—when I have won a smile of
God,
Purged, though it be by death, my poor boy's
heart,
Made it so pure the Virgin Mary's self
May dwell there—wilt thou then believe,
forgive?

Douce: Forgive, believe? Arnaud, I never
blamed;
Dost thou not see? I gave thee, Arnaud, love;
Forgive thou her.

Arnaud: If I do save my soul;
Else shall't appeal her at the throne of heaven,
When I'm a priest of hell; for know thou,
Douce,
The priests of hell shall be of those whom God
Hath lied to. With the damned, not of them,
walk
They silent there; but when they speak, their
speech
Is all that other lost souls know for prayer.
Good were they not; for never had they hope;
Bad were they not; their hearts bore too much
woe.

Yet those lost souls in hell, who priests would
scorn,

And jeer at angels, look on these with trust.

For they are those whom, when they dwelt on
earth,

God cheated with His light—made day to
night,

Good, evil; angel, devil; falsehood, truth,

Or less false than the truth; those unto whom

He sent an angel with a radiant wing

A voice of heaven, eyes of noonday sky,

But lust of earth and power in her heart.

Such are the ministers to hell; they go

From world to worlds; through all God's endless
chain,

Belieless, hopeless, yet still serving Him

Whose light they may not see. He trieth
them

Thus sore, almost unto eternity.

Douce: He trieth them—for that he loves them
most.

Forgive thou her.

Arnaud: If I do save my soul—

Else shall't appeal her at the throne of heaven.

Douce: Forgive thou her—

*(DOUCE goes into a house, leaving ARNAUD
alone. After a moment, he takes his lute
and preludes. AYMERIC comes out, and
listens as he sings.)*

Arnaud:

O love, my dear love, in whose gentle eyes
Dwells all my light abiding here on earth,
Days grow to weeks, and weeks to months
of dearth,

Months, years—and still the world between us
lies!

Ah, love, my heart is fainting, though it tries
Bravely to beat the march of life alone;

Make me some sign, love; for I am as one
Who dwells in some far star of desert skies.

The green earth's spring and bloom is far to me
Who see it through the silent interspace;

The world's a cloud confused; and so, thy
face,

Of all its radiances, alone I see.

So far away I dwell from thee and thine.

Make me, dear love, for Mary's sake, some
sigh!

Aymeric: Arnaud?

Arnaud: Didst hear me, Aymeric? I rest
By making sonnets, as in olden days!

Aymeric: Friend, hide it not; it is no shame to
love

As thou hast loved.

Arnaud: O Aymeric! that day,
That day to me she died. But I have heard
By ruined Tintagel there lived
A holy hermit, known to far and wide

For sanctity, and peace, and charity.
But once each year this holy hermit came
Dusty, in his friar's gown, unto the gate
Of Camelot, and of the first he met
"How goes Queen Guinever"? he said—And if
The answer came, She lives and well—so went
Him back unto his hermitage. And then,
When haply answered they, She lives, the same
He went him back unto his cell and prayed.
But when, on that last year, he met a youth
Who rudely answered him, "Queen Guinever?
Thou fool, dost thou not know that she is dead?"
dead?"

"God's praise be," said the old man, and his
head

Raised he then first to heaven, and he smiled.
Spake twice "God's praise be"—and, the night,
he died.

What's that?

*(The crowd begins to gather again; the church
bells ring.)*

(While the stage fills again, the night falls.)

SCENE II

(ARNAUD, AYMERIC; BERNARD DE VENTADOUR *in the watch-tower*; DOUCE, GUIDO, *the BISHOP OF BEZIERS*; ALBIGENSIANS.)

Bernard (from the watchtower):

A messenger—nay, no attack;
A messenger—he craveth entrance, says
He comes from Beziers—

Arnaud: Beziers!

Douce: Alas!

Bishop: News from my fold! Bid him come in
—Guido!

Guido (the gates thrown open, enters feebly from the steep cliff-path, supported by two sentries; he is pale and wasted):

The Countess Adelaïs bade me come
To crave for help—for sixty thousand men
And English Montfort do besiege the tower
She needeth men

Bishop: We have no men; the few
Are needed here, that garrison these walls;
God will protect her—

Arnaud: *Breaking forward from AYMERIC and DOUCE.)*

I am not of yours,
I went to Rome—tell her that I will come,
If that she have forgiven me enough
To let my poor life serve.

Bishop: Well spoke, Arnaud,
And I will pray to God—nay I myself
Will go to Montfort's camp to intercede,
The sheep are of my fold!

Guido: René—

Arnaud: Call me
But Arnaud of Merveilh—

Guido: Arnaud, I know
The way—the way to Beziers—I can
I can lead—lead thee to—what is yon light?
The light I've tried to paint! René—at
last

At last—you see it now—

Arnaud (bending down and supporting him):

Guido, of her?

Guido: She lives—the light calls—Thou must
go alone—

Arnaud: Father, the holy oils—'tis too late—

(Guido dies.) Dead!

Bishop: Dead? There are no wounds—

Arnaud: The man died, starved.

Father, I go alone—Forgive me, Douce—

(More tenderly.)

My Douce, listen—I must seek the Cross.

(The last light falls on GUIDO's face. DOUCE

*closes his eyes. The people kneel. The
BISHOP raises his hand. ARNAUD de-
scends, by the cliff-path.)*

Here endeth the Third Day.

FOURTH DAY

July 22d, 1209 (Jour de la Madeleine).

SCENE I

(The French camp before Beziers. AMALRIC Legate of the Pope; SIMON DE MONTFORT; FOLQUET, Bishop of Marseilles; EUDES, Duke of Burgundy; the count of PONS; soldiers, Dominicans, Albigenian crusaders, Frenchmen or Brabançons, wearing one white cross on the breast; women camp-followers etc.)

Montfort: Most holy legate, we have prayed thee
come

That we may have thy counsel. Carcassonne
Is fast besieged, and in it he of Foix,
Raimond-Rogier, the nephew; and Toulouse
Is held by Raimond, arch recalcitrant;
Beziers but by a woman, faint for food.
She first must fall; then Carcassonne, I swear!
God's holy war goes on.

Citeaux: Children, well done!
And you, my liege—the Holy Father bids
Me call you Count of Provence, vassal but

To saintly Philip, King of France, and lord
Of Aquitaine, neath only England's King
He bids all hail thee!

Knights and Crusaders: Hail!

Eudes (aside to PONS): He goeth far!

Pons: Too far, indeed for me—**RAIMOND-ROGIER**,
A fine youth he! While **RAIMOND** of **TOULOUSE**,
Brother to all the kings of Christendom,
France, England, Aragon—lord of this land—
We've done him ill enough not to despoil
A sovereign prince his heritage. But hark—

Citeaux (reading): Further, the Holy Father
sends this bull

To his misguided children of Provence:

“The miserable state, or rather say

Th' established misery of our Narbonne

Hath long tormented with anxiety

Our mind, suspended our right arm in doubt—”

Eudes (aside): What jargon's that?

Pons: That's holy rhetoric—

(*Crosses himself.*)

*Citeaux*¹ (*going on*): This fruitful land, though
laboured with much sweat

Though sweated with much labour, idle lies,

All virgin to the plow, while its poor folk

Have left the holy church for heresies.

Know that felicity of sinners is

¹ This speech of Citeaux is entirely historical and often literally transcribed.—(Author's note.)

The greatest of all infelicities.
Such sinners they of Albi. Do they not
Despise all ordination? Call the Pope
The Anti-christ, in that he decks our Church
In robes and vestments and in carven stone,
And rules this Earth for Heaven? Do they not
Hold marriage evil, chastity no virtue,
Confess no sins, and absolution scorn?
Deny the Presence, creeds reject, condemn
All masses for the dead? Degrade the Book
To versions in the vulgar speech, against
The council of Toulouse, which forbade all
Save psalter, breviary, or the book
Of blessed Mary's hours? They defile
Our churches to a meeting-place for lust;
They call the Cross mere wood; dispense with
laws
And canons of the Church, but claim the words
Of Christ and His apostles are enough;
The cock upon the steeple is no doctor
Unto these; the cloth that veils the Host
No better than their breeches; eat no flesh
That's born from copulation; so they say;
Such things they do. Yet something in their lives
Hath lured the common people to believe,
In that they harmless live and pure—well then:

Here's Dominic the holy, pure as they,
For they but chastely live—while Dominic

A virgin lives, and virgin yet shall die;
Armed with a virgin's cruelty, he'll burn
Implacably each sinner from the land.
Why some time since, at Montreal, they burned
These false Paulician writings; some one there
One page of Dominic's put in the flames;
Pressed down upon the glowing cinder, his
White page but turned the whiter on the coals.

Now hear ye—Dominic shall die a saint;
Ere he be canonised, his earthly corse
Shall breathe an odour sweet as early rose;
While Raimond, excommunicate, shall lie
Four centuries outside the holy ground
Of St. John in Toulouse, and there be seen
To rot away unburied—Of his skull
There shall a drinking-cup be shown,
Marked with a fleur-de-lys, to future years!
These I foretell, these things that now I tell!

When Innocent, God's holy servant, pleased
To establish this new Order, which should go
Barefoot, no money take nor land,
(For such appearance of a spotless life
Appear to lead the vulgar from the truth)
Among our cities to dispute and preach—
(For they like preaching, call arch heretics
Ministers not priests—sermons they like;
Well, sermons they shall have; *sermo* we call

The burning of a heretic—a flaming text!)
Dominicans can preach, and sinners spy
Denouncing to our Inquisition. So
The Pope calls also Philip, to crusade
Against these worse than Saracens; and gives
Full license over body, life or land,
With absolutions for all sins occurred
To them in such a war—the while he bids
Osma and Dominic to preach in peace,
Inquire, convert, persuade—when all else fails
To hand the pervert to the secular arm.

Eudes: A tender way to end it!

Pons: What is that?

Citeaux (*unfolding a roll of parchment, to the
Dominicans*):

“The method of proceeding: Heretics.
When a suspected heretic’s denounced,
First block they all his doors; then watch to
see

Who visits there; for one who visits, greets
Or eats with heretics, is what we quæstors can
‘In vehement suspicion’—such an one
Must penance do at Canterbury or
At least to Compostella; if the doubt
Be violent, must to the holy land,
To serve the Christian Empire in the East;
Sometimes he may return within three years;
Meanwhile, his goods are forfeit, and his kin
In vehement supicion. Should he then

Relapse, the Church may only save his soul,
Though he recant, his body first must burn."

Eudes: A truly heavenly mercy!

Pons:

Hist, the rules!

Citeaux: Our servant Folquet, Bishop of Marseilles,

Hath nicely drawn this holy Order rules
For working grace on those of Albi.—First,
The accused is cited thrice—such caution shows
The Church her erring sheep; in practice,
though,

All three are served together and the last
Will do for all—but only, if he's found.
More commonly, the man perversely hides;
And then, if absent, we interpellate
And if the erring soul make no reply
The inquisition's made.—We find that time
Is saved if we begin at once with that.
We swear him, on the Writ, to fully say
All that he knows of heresy—not of himself
Only (for that we know) but others, dead
Or living. If the man deny, conceal
(That is, say nothing), then he's put in gaol
And weakened by a fast; kept severed from
His family; told, perhaps, his wife's
In vehement suspicion; or that she
Denounced him first (this way we find
Most excellent).—Recalcitrant,
We vex him with the Question—

Eudes: Question? What
By'r lady may be that?

Pons: The bloody rack.

Citeaux: Yet have we kinder ways—we find some
times

A show of kindness best will move the heart
Of men, inscrutable in sin, who hope
To save their wife or children—promise this
And you may get most anything. Write down
The names he calls on. After all is said
Question his wife and children; with them then
Confront him; in his frenzy he'll say more.
The children, under twelve, may take the oath,
But not to save him; that is *mala rei*.
The wife, if pardoned, wear the crosses.

Thus

Go on with others, till enough have told
The truth to make a "sermon"; then be these
Delivered to the secular. The Church
Of blood-guilt must be free—so frame a prayer,
A formal prayer, that mercy may be shown.
But on next feast day be they duly burned
For it's approved, no blood is shed in burning.

Eudes: 'Tis thus the Goths strike terror thro'
the land,

But these be fine Italians!

Pons: Wilier they!

Citeaux (continuing):

Meantime the bier shall stand before the doors

Of all that knew the man accused, in sign
 Of grave suspicion; sometimes fear will lead
 Others to put you on a scent quite new.
 The bier should always stand before the door
 Of them that read the Bible in our tongue.
 Let none of those they call "Good Men" escape
 By learning it by rote; but send them too
 The bier, in sign that they and theirs are barred
 From God's great feast. And as such even now
 When they are summoned, or the bier appears,
 Do fly to Béziers or Carcassonne
 Where are none of our Order, or Toulouse
 Where our writs run not; citizens of these,
 Both men and women, down to girls of twelve
 Must wear the penitential crosses; all
 Are in suspicion; meanwhile, I release
 For Innocent, all men from keeping faith
 With any one of them.—

Now here, what fault,

What *culpae* have ye for today?

First Dominican:

Stand up!

(*A young woman stands up, robed in black,
 the two white crosses of the heretics upon
 her breast.*)

Folquet: Thy name is?

Woman:

Esclarmonda.

Folquet:

Woman, speak!

For grace of heaven, 'fess thy sins to us!

(*ESCLARMONDA stands mute*):

First Dominican: She'll never speak—for she is
in the state

Th' accused call *endura*—

(ESCLARMONDA *sinks to the ground.*)

She is faint

For want of food—

Folquet: Or obstinate; speak thou

Then for her; tell us what you know.

First Dominican:

At home

(I living there) I saw her, with her aunt

A woman called Servana greet two men,

Bernard and Peter, heretics. She bowed

To them three times, and benedicite

Each time they uttered. This maid saw the
aunt

Hereticated last week, ere she died,

After a week's *endura*, all she ate

A potion of wild cucumber. She twice

Hath fled the holy Inquisition's keep.

She calls the heretics "good men and true."

Folquet: *Ad murum strictum*—to the close four
walls.

Second Dominican: She hath a father—

Folquet:

Holy Church withdraws

The hand that hitherto kept him from harm.

(*Movement, and significant glances among
the crusaders.*)

First Dominican: Woman, stand up! This lady,
Alezais,

Hath let a heretic say prayers beside
Her dying son-in-law—

Folquet:

Then let her wear

The crosses till such time as she repent,
And watch her, watch each one to whom she
speaks,

Above all, her own family; for God's grace
Begins at home; a Christian should denounce
The heretics nearest in blood the first.

Third Dominican: Pierre Mauran, a laic of Tou-
louse

Most notable, most rich, and ripe in years,
In virtue of mine oaths to give the names,
Of all whom I suspect—I here present;
He hath two castles, where he preaches nights;
He hath denied to these that he hath e'er
Denied the wafer to be flesh of Christ—

All: O blasphemy!

Citeaux:

Accursed Arian!

Folquet: Let him be naked dragged to every shrine
And whipt by nettles; on a ladder stand
At last before St. Stephen's Church tonight
With two red tongues a palm long on his breast,
And salutary penance let him do
With bread and water of affliction; then
Jerusalem, within the forty days
Departing, let him seek; his earthly goods
Are confiscate; returning, let him be
Delivered over to the secular.

First Dominican: Your holiness, Servana I forgot,
The aunt of Esclarmonda, she I said
Was dead!

Folquet: Her bones be disinterred and burned.
Are these then all?

Aymon (rushing forward): Your holiness!

Folquet: What's this?
Why Aymon, thou? thou too a heretic?
Or dost thou but denounce one?

Aymon: Nay, the fault—
Not heresy, may God forefend!—is mine.
Thou knowest, holy Father, 'tis the rite
Of old, on Easter day, in Ste. Nicaise
Some Christian knight an unbelieving Jew
To lend a box o' the ears—each year 'tis done
In holy memory of that blow that Christ
Bore, in the temple, from the Jews' high priest.
This year, the lot was mine; a starveling Jew
They brought; I hit him fair; but with such zeal
(Forgetting to remove my glove of mail)
I boxed his ears, boxed out his eyes and brains!

Montfort: Since then, this man is mine, he bears
the Cross—

Folquet: A comfortable Christian! he were
shrived,

Had he but done the half—Ho, ho! what's that?

Montfort: My lord, I see a sally from the town—
Do they submit? They come unarmed—

Folquet: Unarmed?

Montfort: Truly, they are!

Citeaux: I offered them their lives
This once, if they would bring to me a list
Of priests, great men and capitouls,
Of heresy whom we by fire might purge,
So save their souls for heaven—they refused—

Folquet: O insolent!

Citeaux: Their bishop called them all
Assembled, to the church of Ste. Nicaise!
Hungry with siege, they threatened they would
eat
Their children first; demanded safe conduct;
At last, and promise of quick penance.
This
I freely gave.

Montfort: Gave?

Citeaux: Aye; Raimond has't.
And now, for their souls' good, the pious
fraud
Hath grace, I trust—be not alarmed, Folquet;
Unfaithfulness with such is highest faith;
We keep no faith with who break faith with
God.

Safe conduct shall they find—to grace in heaven!

Folquet. O pious fraud! O fraudulent piety!

Eudes: See, there they come—the gates are
opening,

They come—

Pons: And Roger first of all—

Citeaux: Conceal the guards,—
So! Now pass them through the banners two
by two,

Seize them and bind them.

Montfort: But the treaty pledged—

Citeaux: A treaty shall they have; but that I
pledged

Must be confirmed by me for Innocent.

Raimond (struggling with the guards):

What bodes this force? For my poor people's
lives

I come to treat; safety was promised me,

Their lives to them—

Citeaux: Four hundred shall be burned
And fifty hanged; the rest we give their lives—
How many came ye?

Raimond: Not four hundred—

Citeaux: Thine

The blame then; had ye fully trusted me,

The others had escaped.—Stay, yet one grace;

Thy life, a sovereign prince, is spared thee—

Raimond: I

Will give it gladly for the lives of these

I led astray.

Folquet: The heretic confesses!

Raimond: Nay,

The bishop made this list of all he deems

Suspect of heresy; they'll wear the cross

In sign of their repentance—

Citeaux: Give't me—good!

By their own bishop these shall be condemned,
But thou shalt have thy life, if thou'lt go
back

And bid the town surrender; thou the twelfth
Mayst then escape; the others, male, shall meet
With heaven's justice; of the women, maids
Shall make a pilgrimage from church to camp,
Clothed in their shifts, that it may come to
pass

What martyr Pierre predicted, "*des pucelles
Ne restera ni manteaux ni gonelles.*"

Montfort: And our French nobles shall be there
to judge

The fair ones who have virgin breasts; of these
They'll make the mothers of a new Provence;
The others who have bred to heretics
Shall to the soldiery.

Raimond: Mary and Christ!

Know then, foul Briton, that thy Breton sage
Merlin, the mage, hath prophesied of thee:

"Yet shall the stone, and she who throws it,
come,

That all the world shall cry to bid it home,
Let fall upon the sinner!" That is thou,

And old wives say, a noble demoiselle's

The tender hand shall loose the catapult!

Montfort: Merlin's a fool.

Raimond: The Pope 'twas, told it me.

Citeaux: Blaspheme thou not—Montfort, a holy vessel!

Wilt thou give up thy people?

Raimond: This I'll do

When that ass flies to heaven.

Citeaux (to the guards): Bind him fast—

(*To Montfort.*) God's hand shall sure remove
this stumbling-block—

A dysentery let it be, tonight.

(*Aloud.*) Search him—

Eudes: I've had enough; I've served in full

The forty days I vowed; I'll stay no more.

Pons: Nor I. (*Exit.*)

Montfort: Father, the guard brings other news:

A mighty cloud approaches from the South,

The dust of some great army—

Citeaux: Press the siege!

Montfort: They make the banners to be Aragon—

Eudes: The Briton sinks his jaw upon his hand.

The news is not to his liking—

(*Exit EUDES, following PONS.*)

Citeaux: Pedro's a

Most Catholic majesty—so named by Rome—

But he's of kin to Raimond of Toulouse,

Closer than kin, they say, to Adelys;

Yet can it be that he whose ancestor

Placed Aragon beneath Rome's special guard

And from her took his mantle, sceptre, orb,

Then laid them on Rome's altar for a sword,

And, crowned with bread unleavened, first
was called

Alferez of the Church, took first the oath
To prosecute all heresy, renounced
All right of patronage to Rome, and paid
Annual five hundred mancuses, so that
His very priests rebelled his too great sanctity
And formed "la Union" 'gainst him—can it be
Of all men he's against us? Well, they say
He's dangerous more i' the bower than the
field.

Folquet: His very heir was born by stratagem
When he begot her on his lawful wife;
For, thoughtful of the blood of Aragon,
His nobles, so they say, tricked him with her
In lieu of some light lady, at a feast!
Still, it is strange that Spain, which Innocent
Of all lands favoured, should him first betray.

Citeaux: Nay,

"From Toledo and from Naples
Came in one night all witches' capers"—

Trust

The Spaniard not. What's that?

Guard (to Montfort): A letter, sire,
We found 'neath Raimond's coat of mail.

Montfort: Let's have't,
What's this? 'tis true, 'tis Aragon who writes,

'Tis written to a woman—Adelys?

(*Reading.*)

He's coming with a host; all Aragon

Attends him, bids her to hold out and hope,

"Since he is led to victory by her eyes!"

Citeaux: We need not fear him whom a woman's
face

Leads to undo the work of God—Montfort,

Go thou to meet him—

Montfort: Aye, and God's for us;

Since Peyre hath for him but his lady's eyes.

SCENE II. (Evening of same day.)

(The church of St. Nazaire in Béziers, thronged with citizens, women, and children to the number of eight thousand. The noise of the siege outside is heard, above the continuous ringing of the bells. The people are thronging to the altar for protection where the canons in their Easter stoles are telling mass.)

First Citizen (near the door, to a soldier entering):

How goes the siege?

Soldier: They make no break as yet.

Citizen. Would Raimond were still here!

(Hums a refrain.)

“O Raimond, duc de Narbonne,
Marquis de Provence,
Cette gent fausse et félonne
Fuit votre présence—
Ces buveurs de France!”

Second Soldier (covered with dust and blood):

The bishop's hearing mass?

Citizen. Hath Pedro come?

First Soldier. He battle gave at noon, hast thou not heard?

Citizen: Why, no; at dawn they bade us refuge here

Our wives and children; and they said last night
That Aragon had come in succour—

First Soldier: Aye, last night
Lay Pedro in the arms of some fair dame,
Delilah to our Samson—curse her still!
At noon Montfort attacked, ere Aragon
Had got him strength to fight. With naked fist
The Englishman struck here, beneath the chin,
And hurled him helmet first, to earth; tonight,
He lies where no fair dame may comfort him!

Second Soldier: Worse have I heard: our Raimond-
Rogier
Hath died of dysentery, suddenly.

First Soldier: The Englishman gives sudden
deaths.

Citizen: Jesus!

First Soldier: I went to school in Paris; there
were known

These Englishmen as drunkards, quarrelsome;
The Germans fond of midnight orgies too,
The French for pride, Normans for vanity,
Poitou folk false and money-loving; mean
And cowardly the Lombards, violent
The Romans, cruel they of Sicily;
Brabant sent brigands, Flemings vain and weak—
Such is the horde the Pope hath sent Provence.

Second Soldier: And Montfort, nothing weak, hath
all their evil—

Citizen: God help my girls!

First Soldier: Aye, we shall need no help
To die, if they get in!

Citizen: Our widows they
Forbid to marry all but Frenchmen.

First Soldier: Hark!
What's that? A louder clamour comes—

Arnaud (rushes in): Pray, pray!
Upon your knees, good people—breach is made.
The Montfort comes; I go to save thy Queen—
Surely they will not slay you at the shrines!

(The bells ring louder; the priests are intoning mass at every altar; the acolytes swing their censers. The chant of the besiegers is heard.)

“Holy spirit, thou descending,
With supernal grace defending,
Thou, Creator, mortals bending
Kneeling lowly at thy feet;
We, thy creatures, do implore thee,
Fill thy grace our hearts before thee,
Mortal we, divine adore thee
Who art called the Paraclete!

First Soldier: So soon? *(Unsheathes his sword.)*

Second Soldier: The bells call mercy; sheathe thy sword,

Kneel, kneel; the Presence is beneath yon cloth;
Sure Folquet, Bishop of his Holiness,
Citeaux his holy Legate, will respect
The shrine, the sanctuary—

First Soldier: Nay, they fight—
(*Hymn of the invaders as before.*)

“Thou, the septiform, reward us,
Finger of God, from evil ward us,
O word of God, turn thou toward us
Gifting with His speech thy tongue—”

Second Soldier: To the street then; they may delay a while.

(*Hymn continues, the invaders thronging in.*)

“His light give unto our seeing,
His will unto us agreeing,
Strengthen with His strength our being,
Right to do; to suffer, wrong!”

First Soldier:

Arnaud hath led our Countess, with those
known

To be arch-heretics, her ladies, all

Whom Citeaux swore to spare not, where he
knows

A secret passage underground that leads
Through caverns to the towers of Cubardes
Three leagues away—

Second Soldier: Fight then, and hold them
we!

While in the church the people pray.

First Soldier: Montfort!

(*Hymn, as before.*)

“Smite the foe that would undo us,
 Lead his soul to heaven through us,
 Thou the guide, give thou unto us
 Peace, with the eternal host;
 Give us peace, and give us even
 Joy on earth, then give us heaven,
 Grace to pray thy graces seven
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!”

Second Soldier: Montfort! O holy Amalric! we
 fight—

The heretics are gone; and in this church
 But old men and the women pray. Toll,
 toll

The bells; the priests are in their stoles;
 'Tis holy Trinity—

(Falls, pierced by a pike.)

First Soldier: The bells toll mercy—Oh!
(He falls.)

(Hymn, as before.)

Veni creator, eternal,
 In thy glory sempiternal
 Bringing us thy bread diurnal,
 Holy spirit, Holy Ghost!

(MONTFORT, CITEAUX, AMALRIC, FOLQUET,
appear with the Bishop of Béziers.
The bells ring louder.)

Citizen: Montfort! we do not fight! God's holy
 church,
 We pray—the Host—

Citeaux: Slay, slay, spare not ye any!
(*The vast throng join in the hymn; above the singing and the tumult is heard the shrill tinkle of the bell of the Eucharist; the canon at the altar elevates the Host.*)

First Soldier (dying): Sacrilege!

Montfort: Not the women!

Citizen (dying): Sacrilege!

Bishop of Béziers: All are not heretics—

Montfort: The women spare—

Citeaux: Nay, kill them all; for God will know
His own.

(*The canon falls at the altar, stabbed; the massacre goes on, the priests still saying the mass, the bells still tolling, until the last ringer falls.*)

Here endeth the Fourth Day.

FIFTH DAY

(A year later: July the 22d, 1210.)

SCENE I

(Early morning; a foggy day. The Rock of Menerba, as in Day Third. Path in the ravine below the cliff. Enter two citizens, talking.)

First Citizen: They say Provence is lost.

Second Citizen: In Carcassonne
Our daughters wed with Frenchmen. They
must mix

With mongrel Frank or Gothic, Roman blood,
For France is English, Allemán, Walloon—
And Paris speech and Paris customs rule.

First Citizen: They say the laws of Montfort
tax all priests

Who've lawful wives; forbid our heiresses
To marry any but a Frenchman, save
By Simon's leave.

Second Citizen. And by his grace, those knights
Whose lands he's robbed, are suffered to become
Tirelupins, routiers or brabazons¹

¹ Thieves, tramps, or mercenaries.

With rights o' the road—provided still they
wear

Only one spur, and bear no arms, and ride
Upon a rossin!¹

First Citizen: Not a foot of land
Is left great Raimond (of Toulouse, I mean).
The other died—though uncle he to Spain,
Brother to England, father to Navarre,
Castile his nephew, cousin e'en to France
And of the holy Roman Emperor;
He's gone to swear to Lackland for his fief
And holds Provence of England.

Second Citizen: Bah!
"The stone shall fall, and she who launches it."
Montfort's too high for John of England now,
Wrought from him Magna Charta; still more
here

Feeble French Philip cannot hold him curbed.

First Citizen: Provence! Provence! the land that
was to lead

The world the way of light! To Italy
Hath passed the torch of art, and to rude France
The brutish power. So before the Gaul
Fell Rome our ancestor. Provence is done.

Aymeric (coming from the cliff path and overhearing):
Aye—but the sparks from these our martyr-fires,
Spread o'er the world, shall blaze again to flame,
In Germany, Bohemia, England, France—

¹Rossin = a poor red horse. Cf. Rosinante, *Don Quixote*.

The Light of Provence

I saw it in a dream last night—Rochelle
 Shall follow Carcassonne, and stranger lands
 Unknown now to our world our truth shall know;
 And while the coming ages model them
 On us for earthly courtesy and love
 Of women, and the high respect that frees
 Women from being but the drudge of man,
 Men from Rome's slavery, or the East's disgrace—

So shall the faith that now Provence hath lost
 Rise from its ashes here to be the world's;
 Our church is not a stone, but all of earth;
 And when, a thousand years hence, men shall
 come

To gaze on dead walls that are Carcassonne,
 On blood and fire-stained stones of Béziers,
 And ask, what place was this? they shall be told,
 These be the stones that Rome o'erthrew in vain;
 These make eternal protest of her sway,
 These mark the birthplace of a faith reformed,
 A lordship living in a people free!

First Citizen: Provence is sure the first of Christian lands—

Did not the leper Simon, Magdalen,
 Martha and Lazarus and Joseph, he
 Who last did touch Christ's living body, come
 Hither, to found our church?

Second Citizen:

Yet Dominic's

A holy man.

First Citizen: His Inquisition's curst!
Aymeric. I dreamed, the shell of stone that makes
 his font
 Shall go to Spain, to christen Spanish kings.
 A while, they'll overrule the world; then fall
 With all their might of earth to England's
 hand,
 And men of English race whose faith is ours;
 Burn they the last of us of Albi, still
 The faith that's burned out here shall live i' the
 snows
 Of Alpine valleys, in the hearts of men,
 In women's hopes, the foam of seas—meanwhile
 The Montfort lion claws the Toulouse Cross.

*(Two priests with light wallets of provisions
 come up the valley, overhearing.)*

First Priest: That's well enough but for the *mean-
 while*—I

Meanwhile must live, beget and meanwhile die,
 My wife they've taken from me.

Second Priest: Dominic's

A virgin by the grace of heaven—not
 By his own fault—and he will none of wives.
 Calls ours no better than our concubines
 And hath prevailed on Innocent to make a bull
 Enforcing celibacy on all priests.

First Priest: "Gignere nos præcipit vetus testa-
 mentum

Ubi Novum prohibet, nusquam est inventum."

So, the Old Testament bids us beget
And where the New forbids it, I forget!

Second Priest: And since you're rhyming Latin,
I'll reply—

I was a troubadour—

First Priest: And so was I!

Second Priest: "Olim quando Dominus ylem
infirmavit

Utriusque generis animas creavit,
Neutri vero generis nullum vegetavit
Quod debemus gignere satis intimavit."

First Priest: It soundeth well; translate, I beg.

Second Priest: I'll try:

"Who did from dust each living thing engender
Gave to each animal a separate gender;
Since in his wisdom he made nothing neuter
He bids, as nature prompts—do thou recruit
her."

First Priest: The rhyme is vile—

Second Priest: Then I will close as they did:

"Propter hoc et alia dogmata doctorum
Reor esse melius et magis decorum
Quisquam suam habeat et non proximorum
Ne incurrat odium vel iram eorum."

'Tis true, it does not scan—

First Priest: Yet I'm persuaded.

Second Priest: "Pater noster, nunc pro me,
quoniam peccavi
Dicat quisque presbyter cum sua suavi."

First Priest: I understand—but, lest I sin, translate!

Second Priest: “And thus, according to these
learned sages

Decorum bids, as suiting best our ages,
Each priest to keep his own wife, not another’s,
Lest he incur the hatred of his brothers;
And since I’ve sinned in seeking thus to ease
The lives of every priest and deacon, please
Each priest or deacon with his sweetheart
say

A paternoster for me once a day!”

Aymeric: Stop your dog-latin; call it leonine

Were, sure, to make a lion of a cur—

*(The light changes; the sun rises above the
morning mist.)*

Our leader comes—what news?

Arnaud (coming up the path): They all are safe.

We came out to Cubardes; stone Carcassonne

Now holds the Countess with its cliff of mail;

So holy Jago hides the virgin’s bower

High o’er the white-fanged waves that break
from England!

(Exeunt the two priests, talking.)

Aymeric: And Adelaïs?

Arnaud: Alas, she saw me not;

She looked beyond as were I but one lance

Of all devoted lancers of her guard—

My eyes did pierce her, and I let them fall.

Aymeric: ’Twas well.

Arnaud: But could I look once more in hers!
She seemed to scorn me—Aymeric, I dreamed,
And I have written down my dream just as it
came.

(*Hands AYMERIC a paper.*)

Aymeric (reads).

I dreamed, my lady walked bright in a garden,
and I lay as a winged thing at her feet; so that, not
seeing, she stepped on me and bruised my wings.
And the Lord of the garden, who made all things
therein, her soul and even mine, reproved her,
even her; so that she said, Lord, it is only an insect,
and it dieth of my lightest touch.—Then said the
Lord, thou hast such power over it, then owest
thou all the more duty; for even as I to thee, so
thou to him. Neither think thou it is an insect,
but even a soul with wings like thine, only that
it hath folded them beneath thy feet.—Then,
in my dream, my lady was sorry; but she told me
not.

Aymeric: Arnaud, I too have dreamed; but now
I see

God; and His pathway marked for thee and me
On earth; I see why these our hearts must beat
With bolts of levin in a frame of clay,
Manikins about a spark of primal fire.
Threefold the root of love is; love of God,
And woman's love, and love of child; triune,
And passeth from the flesh to Holy Ghost.

Deride not sex, nor prize it, nor refuse
The earthly symbol of the higher love;
She that hath borne a manchild to the world,
Unwed, hath served a higher end than she
Who dedicates her barren dust to God.
The root of earth may bear a flower of heaven,
And in the sunlight it breathe out it's soul
It may be death alone can purify;
What heaven may give the reason, I know not;
Yet God gave me to dream, all love is one.
Despair not for thy love of Adelys;
It was no sin; and now that all is well
With her—

Arnaud: I'll see her, Aymeric, no more.

Aymeric: For, I too, dreamed; I dreamed that
she was dead—

Arnaud:

Pray God!

Aymeric: Amen; yet when she dies stay thou
In earth, by Douce of Provence, in her land,
Warming thy life and hers by embers. I
Go to the North and in the Northland die.
I leave thee Douce—I pray thee, keep her well.

Arnaud: I love her, Aymeric—

Aymeric: I trust her thee;
Soft be thy lives, and gentle children bear
The blood of our Provence to kinder days;
Make peace with Rome; await the will of God;
Be thy life of the heart, mine of the soul.

Some day, bid Douce tell thy child of me;
 My children are but words; yet shall they die
 Never till distant ages, races, burn
 Alight with truth that swords have stabbed out
 here.

(*Alarum. The sentinels cry from the
 tower.*)

Sentinels: Montfort! Montfort!

Aymeric: Christ's mercy, what is there?

Sentinel: Montfort! Bernard de Ventadour has
 come,

Montfort, Montfort, is slain!

Aymeric: God's mercy—

Cries (from the town): Dead!

(*The bells are ringing; the great gates are
 thrown open, the town's whole people com-
 ing forth; a hymn begins in the background,
 heard louder as they approach; gradually
 the cries, Montfort! Montfort is dead!
 die out, and the words of the hymn are heard
 instead. The strains come louder and
 louder as the main body of the procession
 comes upon the stage, CENTRE; BERNARD
 DE VENTADOUR approaches from the gorge
 to the right. The hymn ceases, and all
 are silent.*)

Bernard: Montfort is dead. Simon the English-
 man

Boasted to leave this land the mouth of hell,

Boasted that he would leave no stone on stone,
No man at arms, no babe at breast, no grave,
No maid but had passed through his soldier's
hands

To breed an alien people for Provence;
A maid hath killed him.

Multitude:

Miracle!

Bernard:

A maid,

That Merlin's prophecy might be fulfilled.
While he stood arming with a mighty host
That monstrous engine that they call the Cat,
Designed to batter in stone Carcassonne,
Which Charlemagne in vain nine years besieged,
(They'd made a breach within the walls)
Folquet

Their bishop—curst be he—

Multitude:

Accurst be he!

Bernard: Folquet had led his pack to the wolf's
lair,

Had promised pardon—So, the walls were
manned

By only maids or women, some old men—
That time he chose to enter. Then, they armed;
The garrison and some few who'd escaped
From Montfort's camp; we saw the breach begin
With ravin, rape and ruin, murder-lust;
We armed and rushed upon the Frenchmen's
pikes

A horror 'twas to see! And as Montfort

Himself stood aiming with that devil's Cat,
A slender lady, nobly born, whose arms
Were whiter than our faces, and whose hand,
Knew but to broider and to play the lute,
Her brother, father, dead at Montfort's hand,
Embroidered now her life and his in fate.
Aiming herself the mangonel, the stone
Departed straight and split the Montfort's skull.
I' the fosse he lay, amid his ravishèd.
The girl herself, when the great roar began
From Montfort's soldiery, leapt from the wall
And gave her life for his, but undefiled.

Aymeric: A prayer to God! No bishop now have
we

Yet must we go to pray God's grace. God's
church

Is made not out of mitres nor of walls.

Good Men! come let us pray; give thanks to God
And pray for ourselves and for Montfort's soul.

*(All go out but ARNAUD. After a moment's
thought he descends through the gorge to the
right. The mists drift up; the stage
remains deserted. Distant choirs of hymns
are heard from the summit of the Rock
above. The stage has become almost dark,
when, from the right, ADELAÏS comes. She
is quite alone, dressed like a youth in a coat
of mail, but carrying the helmet in her hand;
her face is revealed beautiful and white,*

the hunted look within her eyes; she hurries across and disappears, climbing the path that leads to the castle, left. The stage is now all dim. AYMERIC'S voice is heard calling from above, to the left.)

Aymeric: Arnaud! Arnaud!

(From the battlements of the castle, now visible high in front, signal fires begin to start.)

Lavaur is ta'en! Arnaud!

(Arnaud approaches slowly from the right, as one in a dream):

Arnaud (breathlessly, in broken sentences.)

Through the dark moss the water flashed— — —

All in single diamonds— — —

— — — Down in the ferny solitude the brook

Ran through the gorge in broken light — — —

And little sparkling falls upon the stones

That lay there uppermost — — — below

There came the cadence of the deeper stream,

The steady beating of its stronger heart;

I stood there, in the night, and thought on her

And lo! God worked a miracle; she stood

Beside me there!—I, whose heart

Had said farewell forever!

Aymeric:

They cry, Lavaur

Is taken!

Arnaud: — — — and then I died, and met

The Virgin Mary, with her eyes, in heaven.

Aymeric: The signal fires are lit, for all to come—

Arnaud: —So then, spoke Fate—She saw me—I
Went out to wait through all the worlds
For her; she knowing,
Halfly, as a child thinks first of death.
So shall my soul, in some day, not in time,
Greet hers; all taint of flesh long gone,
Almost our names; only her eyes I know
Like Mary Virgin's, worshipped best through
tears!

*(He suffers himself to be led along by AYMERIC.
As they disappear, to the left, the signal
fires increase, the tocsin begins to ring.)*

SCENE II

(The summit of the Rock, later.)

(ADELAÏS, standing alone; ARNAUD, leaning on a parapet in the foreground, looking at her; AYMERIC, DOUCE, BERNARD, the garrison and people of the Albigenes; later, FOLQUET, AMAURY DE MONTFORT, CITEAUX, and the FRENCH.)

Multitude: Lavour! Lavour is ta'en! Lavour is lost!

Aymeric: Courage, courage, good men! Montfort is slain;

What of Lavour?

(Arnaud descends from the battlements.

AYMERIC on the steps of the cathedral; the multitude filling the street; ADELAÏS, in full armor, at the left.)

Multitude: God save thee, Adelys!

Adelais (lays aside her helmet; her dark hair falls upon her coat of mail; the crowd are silent):

Montfort is dead; but Folquet lives. Folquet Betrayed us.

Arnaud: O God's ban be his!

But for his crozier, I had slain him there

That day he charged the lie, thy life on mine—

Adelaïs: René, look thou to Douce—that old
time

Is as a thousand years ago; and I
Die with my people here; look thou to her.
My people! O my loved hearts of Provence,
Hear what was done Lavour—the last, save
this,
Of all our earthly refuges.

No greater guard
Than it lies from here to the gate of Spain;
Beneath its scarp the Moorish power beat
Like idle waves that scarce prevail to stir
The seaweed at a crag's foot, eight long months.
Some sorcery was used; this Spanish priest
Brought from the pagan East a spell of beads,
Each one a potent curse, bound by a cord,
So made it what they called a rosary,
Where of each bead was made by Dominic
A spell for our undoing. First there came
The heat, with pestilence; the water failed,
The springs dried up, the well within the keep,
The ravin'd rock cracked open, towers fell.
Dame Giraude held Lavour; her men fell sick,
Some one betrayed her; by a secret path
The Frenchmen entered in with Amalric;
The people of Lavour passed by the sword,
Who had not died of thirst; Giraude herself
They cast alive into the barren well
And piled her corpse with stones—

Fifth Day

III

The Multitude:

Alarm!

The French approach! Alarm! O ring the bells—

Bernard: Aye, Folquet's at their head—and Amalric

The Abbot of Citeaux, the Montfort's whelp—

Aymeric: Amaury?

Bernard: Aye, the same. Whom have we left? Bertrand?

Arnaud: He gave his life at Aigues.

Bernard: Guido?

Arnaud: He died to breathe a message from our Queen.

Bernard: Thou, Aymeric?

Arnaud: He hath turned priest.

Bernard: Thou, priest?

Adelaïs: He never was in mind a heretic!

His heart bled with us, but it yearned for peace.

He goeth now, a Catholic, to preach

To alien land, the truth; perhaps, some light

From our lost embers—I did bid him go,

And with him gentle Douce, the heiress last

To our Provence; and Arnaud, that we called

In our light days our René of the Rose—

Go thou—and ward thy sword his holy bell

A priest be he—but thou, thy Douce wed.

Arnaud: And thou?

Adelaïs: And I? I go where goes the rose
Or where the wreath of incense—

Folquet (bestriding the rampart): Thou shalt die.
 Countess of Burlatz, claimant of Provence,
 Mother of heresy, and corruptress
 By thy fair body of thy men's foul hearts—

Adelaïs: Thou liest, there—

Folquet: Shalt die!—thy followers
 Such as embrace the truth, and here renounce
 May live; but thou shalt die, nor mother be
 To future sinners—

Adelaïs: I would not mother to thy son
 Therefore thou soughtst the church—

(*FOLQUET climbs the rampart with CITEAUX,
 AMAURY, and the French army.*)

Folquet: Ho there!
 Ho! bring their faggots, pile the pyres high
 Intone the *Veni Creator*—Bid all
 Come see their Countess burn. First, strip her
 there
 And bruise her body fair upon the stones!
 To all that help, free grace! e'en though relapsed,
 Pardon—to all save her!

Citeaux: Dost thou not fear
 So generous a delivery may not commend
 Itself to heaven?

Folquet: Be not disturbed; I know
 These people well; and very few be sure
 But shall on this day find their way to heaven!

(*During this scene the crusaders have been
 scattering over the ramparts, meeting no*

resistance. AMAURY DE MONTFORT takes his place beside the leaders, the piles of faggots are rapidly prepared; the "Veni Creator" is begun, but it is overpowered by the songs of the Albigenses ("Gaire non Dormet"). As the church doors are suddenly flung open, this song gradually gives place to a battle hymn, of which the words, at first, are heard confusedly. By twos and threes the townspeople issue out, all singing. The words are now heard more plainly. EUDES and PONS with the soldiers.)

Choir: Misericordiam,
Misericordiam,
Misericordiam,
ut nobis des—

(The largest pyre is now ablaze, ADELAÏS steps forward, on the steps of the church.)

Eudes of Burgundy: God, it is she!

Pons: Hush, none can save her—Oh—
(ADELAÏS has hurled herself into the flames.—
Singing still, by twos and threes, all follow her, without haste, steadily. FOLQUET falls upon his knees, sobbing; but CITEAUX remains upright.)

Eudes: Oh, who are those—the maid—

Pons: Douce is her name—

And Arnaud, our young page— My liege, the
lives

Of one young girl, a priest, a gentleman,
For France's honour—

Amaury: Granted—for the fame
Of France!

Eudes: O friends, dear friends, go back to
pray

Ere your own church avow you, and re-
nounce—

Douce: Arnaud—

Arnaud: I come!

Douce: I love thee—

Arnaud: O, I come—

Douce: Arnaud!

(The Latin hymn, as before, is heard from within.)

Choir: Misericordiam, misericordiam, date ad
nos . . .

(ARNAUD *flings himself into the fire where ADELAÏS had gone. DOUCE sinks to her knees. AYMERIC appears in Roman vestments.*)

A ymeric: My sister—come!

(DOUCE falls to the ground. By this time, nearly all the heretics have burned themselves. As the last couples come out from the church door on the way to their martyrdom, the few voices now singing cause the words of the hymn to be more distinct.)

Choir: Misericordiam,
Misericordiam,
Misericordiam
Date ad nos—
Vos qui in coelo estis,
Nobis in terrâ!

Aymeric (lifting up DOUCE and looking at her tenderly): Vos qui in coelo estis—nobis in terrâ!

THE CURTAIN FALLS SLOWLY

*A Selection from the
Catalogue of*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS



**Complete Catalogue sent
on application**

Seven Short Plays

By

Lady Gregory

Author of "New Comedies," "Our Irish Theatre," etc.

12°. \$1.50

The plays in this volume are the following: *Spreading the News, Hyacinth Halvey, The Rising of the Moon, The Jackdaw, The Workhouse Ward, The Travelling Man, The Gaol Gate.* The volume also contains music for the songs in the plays and notes explaining the conception of the plays.

Among the three great exponents of the modern Celtic movement in Ireland, Lady Gregory holds an unusual place. It is she from whom came the chief historical impulse which resulted in the re-creation for the present generation of the elemental poetry of early Ireland, its wild disorders, its loves and hates—all the passionate light and shadow of that fierce and splendid race.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

New York

London

Irish Folk-History Plays

By
LADY GREGORY

First Series. The Tragedies

GRANIA

KINCORA

DERVORGILLA

Second Series. The Tragic Comedies

THE CANAVANS

THE WHITE COCKADE

THE DELIVERER

2 vols. Each, \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.65

Lady Gregory has preferred going for her material to the traditional folk-history rather than to the authorized printed versions, and she has been able, in so doing, to make her plays more living. One of these, *Kincora*, telling of Brian Boru, who reigned in the year 1000, evoked such keen local interest that an old farmer travelled from the neighborhood of Kincora to see it acted in Dublin.

The story of *Grania*, on which Lady Gregory has founded one of these plays, was taken entirely from tradition. Grania was a beautiful young woman and was to have been married to Finn, the great leader of the Fenians; but before the marriage, she went away from the bridegroom with his handsome young kinsman, Diarmuid. After many years, when Diarmuid had died (and Finn had a hand in his death), she went back to Finn and became his queen.

Another of Lady Gregory's plays, *The Canavans* dealt with the stormy times of Queen Elizabeth, whose memory is a horror in Ireland second only to that of Cromwell.

The White Cockade is founded on a tradition of King James having escaped from Ireland after the battle of the Boyne in a wine barrel.

The choice of folk history rather than written history gives a freshness of treatment and elasticity of material which made the late J. M. Synge say that "Lady Gregory's method had brought back the possibility of writing historic plays."

All these plays, except *Grania*, which has not yet been staged, have been very successfully performed in Ireland. They are written in the dialect of Kiltartan, which had already become familiar to readers of Lady Gregory's books.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

New Comedies

By
LADY GREGORY

**The Bogie Men—The Full Moon—Coats
Damer's Gold—McDonough's Wife**

8°. With Portrait in Photogravure. \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.65

The plays have been acted with great success by the Abbey Company, and have been highly extolled by appreciative audiences and an enthusiastic press. They are distinguished by a humor of unchallenged originality.

One of the plays in the collection, "Coats," depends for its plot upon the rivalry of two editors, each of whom has written an obituary notice of the other. The dialogue is full of crisp humor. "McDonough's Wife," another drama that appears in the volume, is based on a legend, and explains how a whole town rendered honor against its will. "The Bogie Men" has as its underlying situation an amusing misunderstanding of two chimney-sweeps. The wit and absurdity of the dialogue are in Lady Gregory's best vein. "Damer's Gold" contains the story of a miser beset by his gold-hungry relations. Their hopes and plans are upset by one they had believed to be of the simple of the world, but who confounds the Wisdom of the Wise. "The Full Moon" presents a little comedy enacted on an Irish railway station. It is characterized by humor of an original and delightful character and repartee that is distinctly clever.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

Our Irish Theatre

By Lady Gregory

Author of "Irish Folk-History Plays," "New Comedies," etc.

12°. Illustrated. \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.65

The volume presents an account not only of the great contemporary dramatic movement of Ireland, including such names as those of Synge, Yeats, and Lady Gregory herself, but of the stage history of the Dublin Theatre from its erection. A section of the book that possesses a very pertinent interest for American readers is that which has to do with the bitter antagonism which the Irish actors encountered on their first visit to our shores, an antagonism which happily expended itself and was converted upon the second visit of these players into approval and enthusiastic endorsement. The book contains a full record of the growth and development of an important dramatic undertaking, in which the writer has been a directing force.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

New York

London



14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

22May'57JG	
REC'D LD	
MAY 8 1957	

LD 21-100m-6,'56
(B9311s10)476

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

100

